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WIDENER



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LEGENDS, BALLADS,

SONGS OF THE LEE.

JOHN FITZGERALD.



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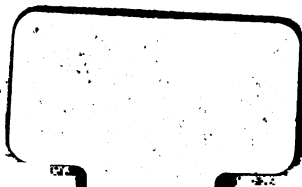


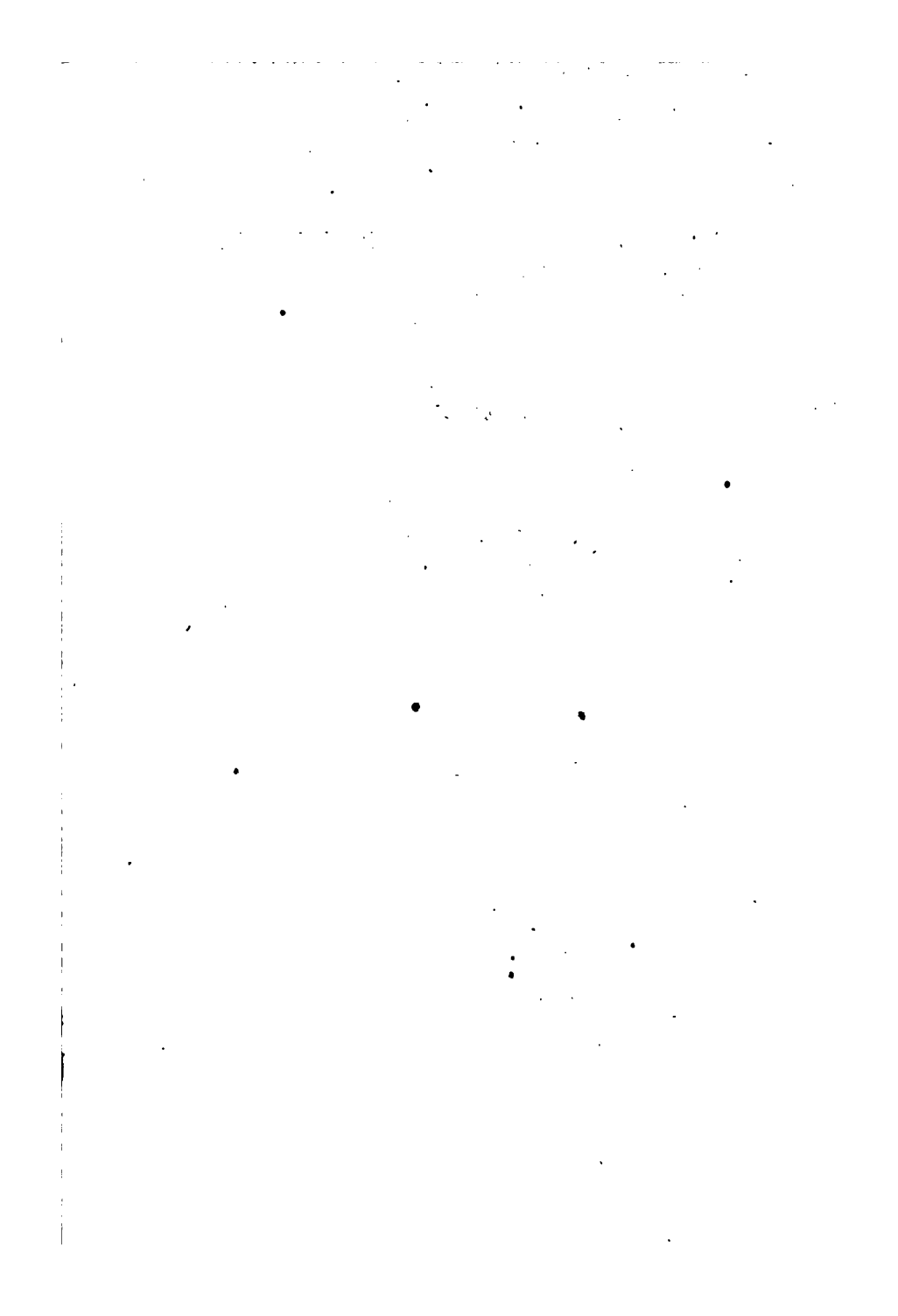
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Q

LEGENDS, BALLADS,
AND
SONGS OF THE LEE.

BY

JOHN FITZ GERALD.

No other land, no other stream, that wanders to the deep blue sea,
Reminds me of my boyhood's dream like thy green banks, my native Lee.

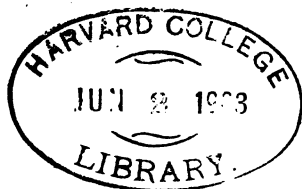
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TO

SIR JOHN ARNOTT, M.P.,

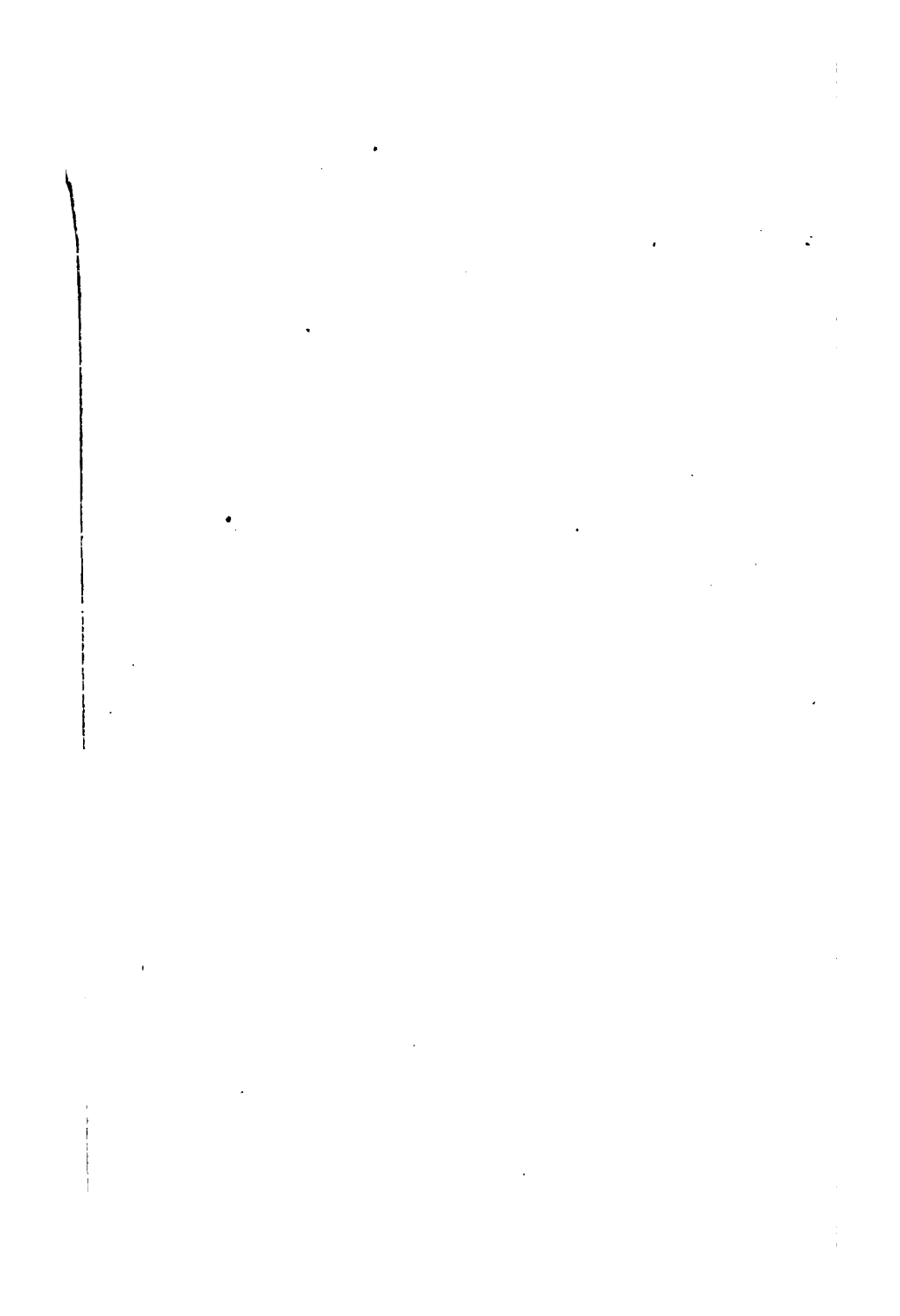
FOR THREE YEARS

Chief Magistrate of Cork,

TO WHOSE LONG AND POPULAR MAYORALTY
OUR CITY IS INDEBTED FOR MANY IMPROVEMENTS,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

A good many of the Poems in this volume have already appeared before the public, in the local, metropolitan, and American journals, mostly with my own name attached, but in many instances with my peculiar *nom de plume*,* and, I am happy to say, have been more than favorably received; yet, if the reader is not perfectly satisfied with them, he must take into consideration that they were written under peculiar disadvantages, namely, at the work-bench of an artizan, without time for that careful pruning which might make them more acceptable, and which other and better Poets enjoy. Working on my own account, and living by my trade, I could not much care for "invoking the Muses;" and, perhaps, they in revenge have had nothing to do with my Poems. There are one or two pieces inserted, which were written to please others, which do not quite express my natural sentiments. I will leave the reader to judge from the general character of all which are the Poems in question. I also beg to assure the public, that nothing was farther from my intention than to offend the prejudices of any creed or class.

I am an enemy to injustice in any station of life, and have opposed it, *and will do so*, to the best of my humble ability. I have sought to mingle information with amusement in portraying the events of my native Cork as they actually occur, without any of the caricature persisted in by some writers. I have endeavored to invest our beloved river with

* "The Cock o' Sinbarry's." My reasons for assuming this odd *nom de plume* are pretty well known in Cork. To strangers, I am sorry to say, it would take too long to explain.

an interest which history had never given it. Though never the scene of any of those bloody struggles for creed or faction which have been the bane of Ireland, yet its wildly picturesque banks are dear to the hearts of her children. On that bank grew the greenest Shamrocks and the sweetest wild-flowers. In that shallow pool, overshadowed by the water-lily, they paddled when laughing children; and yon ivy-crowned tower, that tops the hill, has echoed to the first love-tale which some of them have whispered in the willing ear of the blushing maiden.

If welcome, then, to our own fireside, how thrilling to the heart of the exile must be the chronicles of home, if pining on the arid sands of India, or "snowed up" in a log-cabin through the long American winter, when the events of "the Beautiful City" and the legends of her sparkling river are brought before his vision; causing, at one moment, the merry ringing laugh at some quaint remembrance, or the silent tear of regret when he thinks, mayhap, of his distant home and the moss-grown graveyard, where rest the bones of his venerated ancestors. If this little volume has accomplished but one-half the foregoing, what its writer sincerely wishes, he is repaid, and its mission is fulfilled.

In conclusion, I beg to return my sincere thanks to my numerous subscribers for the cordial manner in which they have responded to my humble efforts; and also to Messrs. HENRY & COGHLAN of the Cork Printing Hall, my publishers, for the peculiar pains they have taken to render this little work, as regards paper, letter-press, and general finish, equal to those of the best London houses, and a credit to the city of Cork, besides bringing its price within the reach of all classes of our fellow-citizens.

JOHN FITZ GERALD,

Wood-Carver and Artist.

JAMES STREET, CORK,
May, 1862.

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Songs of the Sec.



SONGS OF THE LEE.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

AIR—" *Ellen Loraine.*"

I have wander'd an exile, 'mid cold-hearted strangers,
Far, far, from my home and the beautiful Lee ;
I have struggled alone through all sorrows and dangers,
And brav'd every fate on the land and the sea.
Through Columbia's wild forests, or Ind's spicy bowers,
On the great foreign rivers, whose sands are of gold,
I have sigh'd for thee still, 'mid the birds and the flowers,
I have lov'd thee, and will, till this heart shall grow cold.

I have rov'd with fair maidens with dark flowing tresses,
And beautiful eyes have look'd kindly on me,
But I thought with regret of the smiles and caresses
Of a fair-hair'd young maiden that dwelt by the Lee.
I have come back again, but she's not in her bower,
Where the river flows past, with its calm tiny wave ;
I have call'd her in vain, for the ivy-crown'd tower
Of sweet Inniscarra o'ershadows her grave.

The home of my childhood to ruin is falling,
The lov'd ones that blest it shall greet me no more ;
Yet I gaze on it still, joyous visions recalling,
Though the long grass has grown on the step of the door.
I shall rest with them soon, with the shamrock above me,
From my dear native Cork never more shall I roam,
Till I'm laid in the grave with the dear one's that lov'd me,
As in death they shall welcome their wanderer home.

"CORK IS THE EDEN FOR YOU, LOVE, AND ME."

AIR—" *The Gauger's Slip.*"

They may talk about London, and Paris, and Milan,
And Constantinople, the pride o' the Turk,
But away in the south of our own little island,
Is a place that excels them—its name it is Cork;
With its whiskey, drisheens, and fine girls in plenty,
Jackeens and fat pork, and the sweet River Lee,
And the "Dyke," where all lovers, from fifteen to twenty,
Whisper "Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me."

Just walk down the New Wall, there's a beautiful prospect
Of Glanmire, Blackrock Castle, and Victoria Park,
With a fine crop o' praties in southern aspect—
Sure a stranger might think that its name was a lark—
With a row of fine trees on the wall cool and shady,
Not for us, but the play-boys of posterity,
Who will walk there bimeby, when we're under the daisy,
Whistlin' "Cork is the Eden for you love, and me."

Walk back, now again, by the quays and the river,
And the Bridges—*gondout*—nobly spannin' the strame,
With the new one* (St. Patrick's), the finest that ever
Was built; but as yet we have only the name,
Till the COUNCIL decides whether wood, stone, or iron,
Or brick the material for buildin' shall be;
When that will be, mavrone! we've no bisness inquirin'—
Och, "Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me."

Trot round by Daunt's Square—like the Park, a misnomer
Where the Gutter-Club stands on each day in the week—
And all subjects discuss, from the *sax*-boys to Homer—
'Tis all one to the Club—Irish, HAY-broo, or Greek.
In the distance a buildin', both airy an' splendid,
Where each chap that's determin'd to go on a spree
Rusticates, till his manners a little he's mended,
Singin' "Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me."

* Written before the present Bridge was built.

If you want to behold the sublime and the foolish,
 Fix your toes in your brogues an' walk down the Parade,
 Where the "ould Roosian guns" make a fellow look coolish,
 Though for shootin' they're worse than a rusty ould spade.
 And the famous "King George," on his ould yalla charger,
 With his rump patch'd with tin, guards the BUM-battery,
 And the boys, as they pelt him with small stones or larger,
 Whistle "Cork is the Eden for you, George, and me."

We have Fishamble Lane for crubeens and a dinner,
 Or a supper at night, when you've cash of your own—
 We've a PARADISE,* too, for the saint and the sinner,
 Where the wicked give trouble, and rest is unknown.
 We've a FIRE ESCAPE, when our houses are lightin',
 But where to look for it would puzzle the D—,
 And the Polis to keep us from drinkin' and fightin'—
 Oh, "Cork is the Eden, for you, love, and me."

Then, long life to you, Cork, with your bulldogs and blarney,
 Your sweet Shandon Bells, your Bazaar and the Quay,
 Your hills, and their views of the Lakes o' Killarney,
 Blackpool and Sinbarry's, your cruds and sweet-whay.
 May the names of our Council and Mayor shine resplendent
 In the PORTABLE GAS of the new company,
 And ourselves ever sing, like true boys independent,
 Arrah, "Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me."

THE PRETTY GIRLS OF CORK.

AIR—"Norah Creina."

Oh, some may praise the sunny eyes
 And olive cheeks of foreign maidens,
 And sing their beauty to the skies,
 No matter if they're Jews or Heathens;
 But yet give me my native town,
 Its pretty girls, so fresh and blooming,

* Paradise Place.

And faith I'll knock the fellow down
 Who says I'm wrong or too presuming.
 Ah, yes, my darling girls of Cork,
 While I've a fist to write a ditty,
 Or break a head from here to York,
 There's none shall snub our native City.

Talk not to me of Spanish dames,
 Or hint about the fair Circassian,
 And all their odd jaw-breaking names,
 Or faith you'll put me in a passion;
 But see our ladies as they walk,
 And look upon their pretty faces,
 And listen to their charming talk,
 Reminding you of nymphs and graces.
 Ah, yes, the darlings, one and all,
 Are just like beds of perfum'd flowers;
And if you have a heart at all,
 You'll lose it in a brace of hours.

In sweet Blackpool, fam'd for "de Groves,"
 (Though, troth, I never yet could find them)
 You'll meet with handsome girls in droves,
 That leave all other girls behind 'em;
 And sure the land of fat drishens—
 May nothing ever take them from us—
 Has lasses that are fit for queens,
 The bouncing girls of Ballythomas.
 Aye, there you're sure to take your choice,
 And don't let trifles love diminish,
 If there's a roughness in their voice,
 They're gems that only want the finish.

There's beauties living on the Marsh,
 (Where you might vainly look for rushes,)
 That's neither cold, nor proud, nor harsh,
 And dance like fays, and sing like thrushes;
 And if they wear the largest "hoops,"
 'Tis not for want of shape and form—
 To see them meet in pretty groups,
 The cockles of your heart would warm.

Indeed, 'twould break your heart with sighs
 To see such girls, and not caress them,
 And look upon such lips and eyes,
 And not do something to possess them.

If you are blest with any taste,
 You'll show a stranger, while he tarries,
 Those darlings with the slender waist—
 The roaring girls of "sweet Sinbarry's;"
 And if he strolls through Evergreen,
 Among potatoes, leeks, and cabbage,
 And say that fairer girls he's seen,
 Dear knows, he's only just a savage.
 They talk a deal about the girls
 They meet upon a foreign shore,
 But, faith, 'tis treating swine to pearls
 To tell them there's as good next door.

Then, hey for Cork, its streets and quays,
 Its "Shandon Bells" and meadows green,
 Its girls and their coaxing ways,
 Its boys that sip the sweet potheen,
 Its ever-sparkling River Lee
 And world-fam'd "Ould Blarney Stone,"
 Its poets (not forgetting me)
 To make its varied beauties known.
 Aye, faith, my darling girls of Cork,
 While I've a fist to write a ditty,
 Or break a head from here to York,
 There's none shall snub our native city.

THE FINE BOYS OF CORK.

AIR—"Garryowen."

You may sing, if you will, of the bright beaming eyes,
 And of beauty that makes a man stare with surprise,
 In that comical mixture of truth and big lies
 'Bout the sweet "pretty girls of Cork," boys.
 But yet give me the jovial crew
 That sip their punch till all is blue,
 And all that's good and bad can do,
 Those roaring, sporting Cork boys.

If you like a man handsome, they're famous for that,
 And if *clever*, they're first in the green land of Pat ;
 And if coaxing, the *Blarney* 's the beautiful chat
 That can wile you from here to New York, boys.

For fighting, drinking, Science, Art,
 Or breaking a purty *colleen's* heart,
 The divil a one has got the start,
Or ever will, of Cork boys.

If for pleasure you take to our island a run,
 And are fond of a joke or a sly bit of fun,
 We've the "queerest odd fishes" that's under the sun,
 In this "beautiful city" of Cork, boys.

There's one that calls to see the Queen,
 And by the Cockneys oft is seen,
 I need not mention Barney Sheen,—
 The champion ov de Cork boys.

There is no other spot in the world around,
 Where such divilment, fun, and diversion is found ;
 And for *whiskey* there's none ever made above ground,
 Like the nectar distilled by the Cork boys.

And if you'd give dull fools a rub
 That would such jolly fellows sifub,
 Why there's our famous *Irish* Club,
 Composed of witty Cork boys.

Then come to our town, through the wind and rain,
 And believe me your journey will not be in vain ;
 Though you come in a wheelbarrow, steamer or train,
 You are welcome the same to the Cork boys.

Then let us have a jovial spree,
 And like good fellows, all agree,
 And drink in bumpers, three times three,
 Success attend the Cork boys.

THE LOST MAIDEN.

AIR—"I'm Sitting on a Stile, Mary."

I've waited many a weary night,
 Or come at dewy dawn,—
 Ere morning's sun had tipp'd with light
 The tow'rs of Carrigrohan ;

I've listen'd for thy loved voice
When winds blew sharp and cool,
While sitting on the beetling crag
Above the Demon's Pool.

And many lonely years have flown,
Since in our youthful pride
We rested on yon moss-clad stone,
And gazed upon the tide,
Where fairies came with magic song,
And soothed me to sleep,—
They took thee with their merry throng
And left me there to weep.

The dragon guards their treasure cache,
Full many a fathom down,
And watches 'neath the rippling wave
O'er sceptre, sword, and crown;
And wealth untold, of gems and gold,
And peals of silver bells,
Are kept within the fairy halls
Where my lost maiden dwells.

Tho' Time has streak'd my hair with grey,
I love thee still as well,
And watch for thee by night and day
'Till Time shall break the spell—
When fairies shall the Irish wealth
And Irish maids restore,
And I shall see thy darling face,
And hear thy voice once more.

They say the time is coming now—
As centuries of pain,
Have lifted from the Irish brow
The long enduring stain;
Those silver bells shall yet be rung
'Mid sounds of joy and mirth,
When Erin takes her place among
The Nations of the Earth.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

AIR—"Aileen Aroon."

Dark frown'd the storm sky o'er rock and plain,
Hoarsely the river by rushed to the main—

Yet in the evening tide,
By a lone grave beside,
Sadly a fair young bride
Knelt in the rain.

Fondly she lov'd him that sleeps in the dell,
And he returned it truly and well ;

Leading a gallant band,
Loving this Irish land,
Waving his broken brand,
Fighting he fell.

Soon was their happiness nipt in the bloom,
Swiftly their sunny days turned to gloom ;

Morn saw him young and dear,
Greeted by maidens fair,
Eve on a bloody bier
Laid in the tomb,

Those of his band that escap'd from the fray,
Sadly and silently came there to pray

Pressing her lovely head,
Close to the grassy bed
Of the beloved dead,
Calmly she lay.

Fiercely the sere leaves are whirling past,
Wildly her ringlets are toss'd by the blast ;

But the loud tempest's breath
Fails to disturb her yet,
In the long sleep of death
Resting at last.

Shamrocks are springing above where they lie,
Wild birds are singing up in the blue sky ;

And the Lee calmly flows
Where the tall fern grows,
Hymning for their repose
Sweet lullaby.

THE PLIGHTED WORD.

AIR—"The Coolin."

O, remember the fond words you breathed to me,
When we rov'd, hand in hand, by the "sweet silver Lee;"
And forget not the vow and the token you gave,
As you left me to roam on the far distant wave.

You said, though you stray'd to the bounds of the Earth,
You would still love and cherish the land of your birth;
And come back again, when three summers had flown,
With the wealth you had gather'd, to make me your own.

That you'd love me as true on the mountain or plain,
On the desert, or forest, or waves of the main;
And if meeting with death on the land or the sea,
That you'd breathe your last prayer for sweet Erin and me.

The time has gone by, and no lover appears,
Tho' I watch for his barque through my fast-falling tears;
For I know he is true, and if living would come,
To his fond loving bride and his dear native home.

The waves of Lough Mahon are placid and deep,
And the sweet summer zephyr has lull'd her to sleep;
She dreams of her love, and the spot where he died,
Tho' his ship has just anchor'd below in the tide.

There's a gun from the river, that's shining like gold,
And a flag is run up she remembers of old;
There's a skiff from a barque quickly rows to the shore,
They have met, and two fond hearts shall part nevermore.

THE REGATTA.

AIR—"Paddy Carey."

'Twas in Cork Harbour—once call'd Cove,
Till Queen Victoria came to find it,
And call'd it *hers*; but faith, by Jove,
She ought a little better mind it—

We lately had a jovial spree,
 And 'held our world-famed Regatta,
 That everybody comes to see,
 . From Mullinahone to Paramatta.

Old and young, good and bad,
 Deaf and dumb, sane and mad,
 Crawling, creeping, laughing, weeping,
 Slight and stout and fatter;
 And charming groups, in ridiculous hoops,
 Came far and near to see the sight,
 And their beautiful eyes at the fun grew bright:
 While the Cockneys cry, as the boats passed by,
 "Oh, bless my 'art, wot a stunning start!
 And pity it is this Irish lot
 Should have such a darling pretty spot
 As this beautiful 'arbour,
 This lovely sweet 'arbour."

You may search till your grey for a port or a bay
 That will match in one day with our beautiful harbour.

The sun shone down, serene and clear,
 On handsome boats and smiling faces—
 The R.C.Y.C. first was there,
 Determin'd to win all the races;
 Moustachio'd youths, in regatta suits,
 In wherries fill'd with charming crathurs,
 Look'd very wise and smok'd cheroots,
 And talk'd like ancient navigators.
 Punts and gigs seem'd dancing jigs,
 And yawls play'd rigs upon the water;
 While the *Sybil* yacht beat others flat,
 And faith we're glad the Mayor has bought her.
 To end the fun, the rain begun,
 And fast to shore sped skiff and shallop,
 While "amateurs" and their pretty dears
 Perform'd the Thunder and Lightning Galop.*
 Oh, a wetter set you could not get,
 When back at night to Cork returning:

* The *would-be* poet "Lightning," and his eccentric companion, will please not to take this as an allusion to themselves, as the writer assures them he merely meant the weather.

They seem'd to you like a shipwreck'd crew,
 Whose pleasant voyage was chang'd to mourning.
 Oh, search till you're grey, for a year and a day,
 From Mullinahone to Paramatta,
 And you never will meet with a pleasanter treat
 Than a day at our famous Cork Regatta.

THE TRUMPETER.

AIR—"A Daughter of Israel."

Awake, soldier! wake to the battle once more—
 We wait for thy shrill trumpet sound :
 Why sleep near the foe on a bleak foreign shore ?
 Thy war-steed is pawing the ground ;
 Thy comrades are mounted to charge on the foe,
 And waiting in battle array :
 Then, soldier, awake, and thy loud trumpet blow,
 And victory crowns us to-day.

He wakes, and they see, by his fast-glazing eye,
 They have waited his summons in vain ;
 Then forward they dash, with a loud battle cry,
 And leave him to die on the plain.
 He heeds them not now ; he is thinking of those
 In his far distant home o'er the sea,
 When he play'd on the bank where the wild-flow'r grows,
 Or sail'd in his skiff on the Lee.

He murmurs, "Come forth, love, the stars are awake,
 Let us glide to Blackrock from your bower ;
 The river is smooth as a calm summer lake,
 The beacon-light gleams from the tower.
 We'll whisper of love 'neath the bright evening sky,
 As our friends watch our boat from the shore"—
 He pauses and says, with a heart-breaking sigh,
 "Farewell, I shall see thee no more!"

The long night has ended, the morning is come,
 The cannon commences to roar,

"To arms" is beating on many a drum,
The foe is advancing once more ;
His comrades around him are mustering fast,
A bugle is close to him blown,
Yet he answers it not—he will wake for the blast
Of the Angel's fast trumpet alone.

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

A brawny smith was sleeping at the weary close of day ;
A boy upon a milk-white steed approach'd him where he
lay—
"My mother thinks I sleep in death, beneath the ocean wave ;
But O'Mahony stole with magic spells, and keeps me in his
cave.

"Go watch for me to-morrow, at the witching hour of night,
Where the last step of the Giant's Stairs dips in the waters
bright ;
This is my seventh bondage year—the unseen door will open—
Step boldly in the spell*will cease, I leave you that as token."

He spurred his milk-white charger, "O ! do not fail me now,"
And honest vulcan felt a blow upon his manly brow ;
And surely when the morning came he gaz'd in mute surprise,
The horse-shoe on his forehead stamp'd above his clear blue
eyes.

He watched as he was bidden—all danger he defied—
And fearlessly he enter'd, when the door flew open wide ;
The way was deep and winding, but onward still he strode,
And confronted great O'Mahony in his subterrene abode.

The giant chieftain sat within a hall of brilliant light ;
The honest smith half clos'd his lids to ease his dazzled sight ;
He lifts his hands above his eyes, and peers along the vault ;
A splendid vision meets his view, suspending breath and
thought.

The fluted crystal pillars gleam'd, with ev'ry brilliant dye,
 And pyramids of gold were pil'd, and tipp'd the ceiling high,
 And pendant from the roof were lamps, like moons of crescent
 light,
 While meteors mov'd in spaces vast, beyond his straining
 sight.

And rows of horse and foot he saw, within each spacious aisle,
 In deep succession, closely set, array'd in rank and file,
 All tranç'd or sleeping; but the chief was broad awake and
 bright,
 Surrounded by a troop of boys, array'd in green and white;
 Who greeted with a ringing shout, the hardy son of toil:
 "You're welcome to O'Mahony's cave, stout-hearted Maurice
 Doyle."

The smith's stout arm seem'd shrunk to naught beside the
 giant's limb,
 His head, upon his shoulders broad, felt nothing next to him;
 Yet still our sturdy smith ne'er quail'd, but bravely spoke
 outright,
 Regardless of the giant's strength, and all the gorgeous sight.

"I thank you, chieftain, kindly, my errand is soon told,
 I come to claim a neighbour's child, whom you in bondage
 hold;
 He was a widow's only son, then let him be restor'd—
 She always meant that he should wield the crozier not the
 sword."

Up started the O'Mahony, the hall shook as he spoke,
 "If you know the boy you come to claim, his bondage shall
 be broke;
 But if you make the least mistake, yourself too shall remain,
 'Till Erin is a Nation, and the spell is rent in twain."

He stept among the youthful ranks in wonder but not fright,
 The boys were all the same in limb, in feature, dress, and
 height;
 Yet still he boldly fixed on one, and said, "'Tis he, I'm
 sure"—
 "It is, it is," the children cried, "Oh, happy Willy Moore!"

The giant flung his falchion down, and darkness fill'd the hall,
 A tempest caught the brave smith up, and shook both roof
 and wall ;
 And, when he came to sense, he found the south wind blowing
 free,
 And Willy Moore beside him on the margin of the Lee."*

THE HARVEST MOON.

AIR—" *You have told me that you lov'd me.*"

When the whispering dews of evening
 Lay their pearls on flower and tree,
 And the shadows gather darkly
 O'er the murmuring River Lee ;
 When the reaper's task has ended,
 Each care has vanish'd soon,
 And the thought of thee comes blended
 With the bonny harvest moon ;
 And I watch thee in the moonlight
 Stealing through the shady grove,
 And I feel this poor heart beating
 To thy glowing words of love.

There is nothing left to grieve me,
 As I know thee good and brave,
 And you never more shall leave me
 To rove on land and wave,—
 For you say you lov'd me truly,
 Where'er your foot has trod,
 And that no other land on earth
 Can match our Irish sod ;

* "The road from Passage to Monkstown, one mile in length, runs along the shore, a little above high-water mark, passing through the skirt of the grounds of Carrigmahon, the seat of the O'Grady of Kilballyowen (now the water-cure establishment of Doctor Curtin), and is cut through the 'Giant's Stairs,' a succession of steep rocks, rising abruptly in the form of rude steps from the river. This spot has been invested by tradition with a particular interest, as the place where the Giant O'Mahony is enthralled by enchantment, and confined within the bowels of the hill in 'antres vast.' At its base the depth of water is considerable. In 1758 a vessel, commanded by Captain Cole, foundered under the 'Stairs.'"—*Windele's South of Ireland*, page 178.

And we view the yellow harvest
 In the bright moon's silver sheen ;
 And we love each other dearly
 In our darling land of green.

Oh ! I often thought with sadness,
 When you were forc'd to roam,
 How we danc'd in youthful gladness
 At the merry Harvest Home ;
 But now you have returned
 To your fields of golden grain,
And God will do the work for which
Our brave sons died in vain ;
 And we shall rove together,
 In the good time coming soon,
 In plenty, love, and peace, beneath
 The bonny Harvest Moon.

THE GREEN HILLS OF CORK.

AIR—" *Beautiful Venice.*"

I have sought to discover a haven of rest,
 Where the sun sinks by night in the land of the west ;
 I have dwelt with the red men in green forest bowers,
 Or the wild roaring prairie bespangled with flowers ;
 I have hied to the north, where the hardy pine grows,
 'Mid the wolf and the bear, and the bleak winter snows ;
 I have roam'd through all climates, but none could I see
 Like the green hills of Cork, and my home by the Lee.

Beautiful city, beautiful city,
 Beautiful city, the pride of the Lee.

I have slumber'd in palm-groves by clear running streams,
 And the wild Groves of Blarney came haunting my dreams ;
 I have listen'd to bells on the soft summer wind,
 But the sweet bells of Shandon were dear to my mind ;
 I have mix'd in gay dances with beauty and pride,
 But there's none like the maiden that's now by my side ;
 There is nought in the land of the slave or the free
 Like the green hills of Cork and my home by the Lee.

Beautiful city, &c.

The bold feudal castle looks down on the Rhine
 That flows through the land of the olive and vine;
 There's freedom and health in the fresh mountain breeze
 That careers round the home of the brave Tyrolese;
 There's beauty and love in all spots of the earth
 To the heart that can call it the land of its birth;
 But of all the fair countries, the dearest to me
 Are the green hills of Cork and my home by the Lee.
 Beautiful city, &c.

THE BRIDGE THAT BARNARD BUILT.

AIR—" *The tune the Old Cow died of.*"

Take this. What's this?

This is the bridge that Barnard built.

This is the Council, void of sense,
 That furnish'd pounds, and shillings, and pence
 To pay for the bridge that Barnard built.

This is the river—our joy and pride—
 That wanted a bridge across its tide—
 Not a flimsy structure made of wood,
 But a handsome stone one, firm and good—
 Before the Council, void of sense, &c.

This is the way, when coming to town,
 We go over and hither, or up and down,
 While crossing over the ricketty one,
 Knock'd up in a hurry for good Sir John,*
 That he said would last for fifty years;
 And 'tis only five, and he's fill'd with fears
 That 'twill tumble down and all fall in,
 As formerly happen'd to Brian O'Lynn;
 And still the river—our joy and pride—
 Requires a bridge, &c.

These are the arguments, *pro* and *con.*,
 That were held, the broken bridge upon—
 Some wanted a swivel, and others said, "Nay,"
 And some said, "Build it the good ould way;"

* Sir John Benson.

Some said "timber," and some said "stone,"
 Another said "iron" would answer alone ;
 While another stood up—a provoking old file—
 Saying, "Faith ! let us give *gutta percha* a trial."
 And thus, for years, amid frolic and fun,
 The work of the city was pleasantly done,
 Wrangling and spouting, or laughter and joke,
 All ending, of course, in a bottle of smoke.

While this was the way, when coming to town, &c.

This is the man, neither short nor tall,
 That kick'd up a row in the Council hall,
 And said, "Yerrah, listen to me, if ye please,
 And I'll show you the error of your ways ;
 For you know no more about Science and Art
 Than the ass that draws a turfman's cart.
 Sure, I told you before, and now declare,
 That the *foot*-bridge is only a trap and a snare,
 As you'll find some day to your grief and cost,
 When it tumbles down, and some lives are lost.
 Sir John's is nearly just as bad,
 And the one at North-gate will set me mad ;
 For, mind you, 'tis only a place to play
 For the wicked young urchins of Bachelor's-quay.
 That Enright got the bridge to do—
 But he's, like yourselves, a humbug, too ;
 For he says he made a great mistake,
 And that the bridge he could not make
 Without a thousand pounds or so ;
 But he found too late it was no go.
 So, between ye all, I fear Saint Pat
 Will not like his name to a job like that ;
 And I'll move, when 'tis built (if I'm not dead),
 That ye call it '*the Bridge of Asses*' instead."
 Such were the arguments *pro* and *con.*,
 That were held, the broken bridge upon :
 Some wanted a "swivel," and others said, "Nay,"
 And some said, "Build it the good ould way ;"
 Some said "timber," and some said "stone,"
 Another said "iron" would answer alone ;
 While another stood up—a provoking old file—

Saying, "Faith! let us give *gutta percha* a trial."
 And thus, for years, amid frolic and fun,
 The work of the city was pleasantly done,
 Wrangling and spouting, or laughter and joke,
 All ending, of course, in a bottle of smoke.
 While this was the way when coming to town,
 We go over and hither, or up and down,
 While crossing over the rickety one,
 Knock'd up in a hurry for good Sir John,
 That he said would last for fifty years;
 And 'tis *only five*, and he's fill'd with fears
 That 'twill tumble down and all fall in,
 As formerly happen'd to Brian O'Lynn;
 And still the river—our joy and pride—
 Requires a bridge across its tide—
 Not a flimsy structure made of wood,
 But a handsome stone one, firm and good*—
 Although the Council, void of sense,
 Have furnish'd pounds, and shillings, and pence,
 To pay for the bridge that Barnard built.

THE LEPRECHAUN.

AIR—"Araby's Daughter."

The morning sun shone over valley and mountain,
 And sprinkled with diamonds the calm-flowing Lee;
 The lark sang on high, and the splash of the fountain
 Was blent with the hum of the wandering bee,
 When Dermot came forth from his cot by the meadow,
 And gaz'd on the morning sky, azure and gold;
 Ere taking his way through the sunlight and shadow,
 He stopp'd at the gate of the chieftain's stronghold.

He lov'd the fair Una, M'Carthy's proud daughter,
 Whose beauty was sung by the bards of the land,
 And warriors often in marriage had sought her,
 And nobles had sued for the young maiden's hand;

* Written before the foundation of the present beautiful structure was laid.

But Dermot was poor, and deformed, and lowly ;
 Yet often he came from his cabin afar
 To gaze on the maiden, with thoughts pure and holy,
 As we gaze on the light of a far distant star.

He thought, as he stray'd by the clear running river,
 "There's beauty and wealth in the bold chieftain's hall
 When she scorns the brave she will look on me never,
 As the one who would win her must rival them all.
 I must gaze on her still as the serf and the vassal,
 While selling the trout I have snar'd in the stream,
 And list to the sounds of high feasting and wassail,
 And back to my cabin to ponder and dream."

The evening has come, and the rock of the fairy
 Is bathed in light from the red setting sun ;
 As Dermot reclines there exhausted and weary,
 His long task is ended, his labor is done.
 But, hark ! there's a song through the sally-grove ringing,
 That is sweet as the lark's when he welcomes the dawn,
 And Dermot has stole on the fairy that's singing—
 Though he often had foil'd him—that wild Leprechaun.

He grapples the sprite, with his eyes beaming pleasure ;
 The fairy has yielded at last to his fate,
 And Dermot has gain'd the long-coveted treasure,
 And feels himself growing both handsome and straight.
 He hies to the castle ; the handsome young stranger
 Is greeted with welcome and, feasted with joy,
 Though his old mother thinks that some trouble or danger
 Has come in the path of her poor sickly boy.

And soon, ere the long days of summer were over,
 A castle was built on that rock in the Lee ;*
 For the chieftain's fair daughter had told her young lover
 She wish'd on that wild spot her dwelling to be.
 The joybells have rung, and the bridal is ended ;
 The hall is deserted ; the banquet is o'er ;
 The maiden with joy to her new home has wended ;
 But the crooked-back peasant was never seen more.

* There are two or three legends to account for Carrigadrohid Castle being built on the isolated rock in the River Lee. I have chosen the most romantic, though least probable.

THE RIDER ON THE YALLA HORSE.

AIR—" *Dublin Hornpipe*."

George-a-Horseback, I remember, many years have flown
 apace
 Since thy maker first, 'in rapture, look'd upon thy leaden
 face;
 Thinking that his work would win him immortality. Alas!
 If such thoughts had enter'd in him, from "Van Oss,"* he
 was *vain ass*.

George-a-Horseback, kings and kaisers, aye, and empires,
 have their day,
 And the hold you had on memory is slipping fast away;
 For think, in your presumption, you cantankerous old fellow,
 Will the rider on the *pale* horse spare the rider on the yellow?

George-a-Horseback, you were happy in the merry days of
 old,
 When they danc'd around their *leaden calf*—not having one
 of gold—
 And the Orange Lilies deck'd thee, and the shouting rent the
 sky,
 When "The Glorious, Pious Memory" was drunk in old
 July!

George, your end is fast approaching, and you call, alas! in
 vain,
 To "rally to the rescue" the *élite* of Faulkner's-lane;
 For the *Orangeman* has grasp'd the hand of his united
 brother,
 And the Lily and the Shamrock must be true to one another.

So you see, my poor old Hessian, for the reasons I have stated,
 The Council thinks it time you should be superannuated,
 And will knock you from your lofty perch, and alter your
 position,
 To where you'll see the Railway-bridge—the "Ladies'
 Exhibition."

* The Yalla Horse and his rider were made by a Dutch artist named Van Oss.

And let them send the Battery, the rusty guns and all,
 And make no more additions to the "Locals' " House of Call;
 But put the Judge's Fountain there to purify the place,
 Or build the Matthew Monument, *whose want is a disgrace.*

And the past shall be forgotten, and the Orange and the
 Green

Shall be again united, as they ever should have been,
 And meet in peace together, as the branches of the Leo,
 That have long been separated, flow commingled to the Sea.

THE ABBOT'S LEAP.

AIR—"Lady Jane."

Hoarsely was the thunder growling; chilly fell the plashing
 rain;

Fierce the winter wind was howling, like a fiend in bitter
 pain;

Blinding flashes play'd incessant round Gill-Abbey's taper'd
 spire,*

While the Brothers, warm and pleasant, sat around their
 cheerful fire.

One and all intently listen'd to the legend or the tale,
 Or mutter'd prayers as lightning glisten'd, and wilder blew
 the angry gale;

And wondrous things to suit the season were whisper'd in
 that turret-room,

Till Father Hubert told the reason their Abbot had those fits
 of gloom:

"He won the love, though others sought her, of young and
 gentle Emmeline,

Of proud Fitz-Hugh the peerless daughter, descended from
 the Norman line:

Alas! the young and joyous lover—a suit like this ne'er comes
 to good,

And woe and death around them hover: *their fathers were at
 deadly feud.*

* The ancient Gill-Abbey, founded by Saint Finbarr, that stood close to the site of the present Queen's College.

"What boots it now to tell the story? They knew their sires
would ne'er consent,
And forth, when morn was grey and hoary, on *his* fleet steed
the lovers went;
But, ah! Fitz-Hugh came fast and faster; their speedy flight
was all in vain:
I need not tell the sad disaster; but, in the fight, the maid was
slain.

"He fled from Ireland, wounded sore, and wandered, none
but *he* knew where,
And after many years were o'er, a holy man with silver'd hair,
But not with age, came late at night— Ha! Marie! what
a blinding gleam!"
And, hark!—they started up with fright—that surely was a
woman's scream.

They rush abroad, with flaming torch, to find whence comes
that dismal wail,
And meet the Abbot in the porch, the first to brave the
midnight gale.
The Lee is now a foaming flood; yet, swimming through that
fearful storm,
They see a knight on war-horse good, that bears aloft a
fainting form.

His foes are spurring down the road; his armour all his efforts
mar:
Ha! (now the Abbot forward strode) give way, "For God
and Saint Finbarr!"
He plunges from the dizzy height, and battles with the
roaring tide,
And soon the Brothers, with delight, beheld him by the rider's
side.

From his arms he takes the lady; now the knight can swim
full well;
Friends are round them brave and steady: what need I the
issue tell?
A hospitable roof is o'er them; all their troubles soon were o'er;
But the gallant steed that bore them never liv'd to reach the
shore.

THE SAILOR BOY'S SLUMBER.

AIR—" *Les Mousquetaires.*"

Softly slumber, sailor boy ;
Let no storm thy rest annoy ;
Scenes of love, and home, and joy
Come to soothe thy dreams.
Thy barque, amid the tempest's roar,
Is drifting on a bleak lee-shore,
And wild waves rushing madly o'er,
And sea-birds boding screams,
Only seem like the breeze in the summer trees,
And the music of rippling streams.

Slumber, though the pilot's cry
Is mingled with a bursting sigh ;
And help is o'er, the reef is nigh—
God's mercy on the crew !
Thy mother, by the winding Lee,
Is praying, sailor boy, for thee ;
Thy little sister, full of glee,
Doth fondly call on you,
While the billows hide their joy and their pride
To the shriek of the wild sea-mew.

The storm is past and the wind at rest,
But the throb of life is hush'd in his breast ;
The sailor-boy's gone to the Land of Rest,
Where billows are heard no more.
The golden curls that deck'd his head
Are resting on his coral bed,
And mermaids gaze on the beauteous dead
Of that wild and distant shore ;
But the dearly lov'd twain are waiting in vain :
They will never behold thee more.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.*

AIR—" *She is far from the Land.*"

He is resting afar from the land he ador'd ;
 But the soil of the brave is his pillow,
 When he grasp'd not for Erin the conquering sword,
 When he died far away o'er the billow ;
 For the coward deserted him, fearing the scars,
 And the renegade sought to ensnare him,
 Till he fled to the Land of the Banner of Stars,
 Where the brave and the true would revere him.

He sung, while an exile, his dear native Lee,
 Where he lovingly wander'd in childhood,
 And "*the glen*" where he dream'd he was happy and free,
 As his rifle rang clear in the wild wood.
 His warm young heart lov'd each mountain and sod,
 And he fear'd neither hardship nor danger :
To rescue this land we were given by God
 From the gripe of the cold-hearted stranger.

He died, though an exile, as free as the wind—
 The despot can reach him no longer ;
 There's a home for the slave where no tyrant can bind,
 And *might* over right is not stronger.
 Then cherish his name in the home of his birth,
 Though the traitor and slave may forget him ;
 While the heart beats responsive to virtue and worth,
 All the faithful and true shall regret him.

LILY MOORE.

FIRST PART.

Who comes forth at early morning,
 Stealing like a timid fawn,
 As the birds, with joyous warning,
 Welcome in the blushing dawn ?

* I have waited in vain for some one of more ability than myself to write something to the memory of our brave and talented young townsman. If my lines are far inferior to what he deserved, the fault is theirs, not mine.

And Lough Mahon's placid water
Ripples on, serene and pure,
Mirroring the Captain's daughter,
Young and gentle Lily Moore.

She has hasten'd from her bower,
At the blush of sweet May-day,
When the dew was on each flower,
And the song-birds on each spray ;
For her long affianc'd lover
Promis'd—and his word was sure—
By the gentle Lee to hover—
Who so gay as Lily Moore ?

Hark ! across the sparkling river
Comes strange music, soft and wild,
Causing every pulse to quiver
Of sweet Lily—nature's child ;
And a boat is quickly rowing
From that foreign ship to shore,
While no danger fearing, knowing,
Calmly sits young Lily Moore.

Now, she flies, as bearded faces,
Glaring on her, meets her view ;
But is captur'd, ere three paces,
By that scowling Moslem crew.
Now her father sees her danger,
Rushing from his cottage door,
Calling on the heartless stranger
To give back his Lily Moore.

All in vain ! the sails are filling
In the fresh'ning morning air,
And the pirate off is stealing
With the child he lov'd so dear.
“ Oh, Bismillah ! but the maiden
Of the Giaour is fair and pure,
And my barque is richly laden
In a prize like Lily Moore.

"While the Infidel, her lover,
Lies out yonder stark and stiff,
'Neath the green and leafy cover,
At the base of yonder cliff—
She shall be the Sultan's leman,
By the Prophet's beard, I swore,
If she wed not with Suleyman,
Who has captur'd Lily Moore.

"Trample on the cross, and scoff it ;
Hasten to the open sea ;
Let the banner of the Prophet
Float above their winding Lee."
Go—thy prize is faint with sobbing ;
Vengeance cometh slow and sure,
And an Irish heart is throbbing
To avenge sweet Lily Moore.

SECOND PART.

Faint and travel-stain'd and weary,
When the sun was in the west,
Calling on the name of Mary,
Sunk a pilgrim down to rest ;
And the shadows gather'd o'er him.
In the palm-grove where he lay,
And the desert was before him,
Should he wake at blush of day.

Fierce the wild cat scream'd above ;
Slily crept the hooded snake :
But the danger did not move him,
For the sleeper did not wake ;
And the moon rose bright and queenly,
Shining on his fever'd brow,
Till the morning broke serenely—
Ha ! God guard the pilgrim now.

From the palace of the Sultan
Rides the fierce Suleyman Bey,
Rushing onward, dark, exulting,
Like a vulture on its prey ;

And as fiercely as their master
Comes his frowning Moslem band,
Spurring onward fast and faster,
Gleaming sabres in each hand.

Look!—they see him through the branches,
Sudden check his headlong speed;
And their leader on his haunches
Flings his bounding Arab steed.
“Allah akbar, Alla illa!”*
Shouts he in that morning hour—
“Holy Prophet! ho, Bismillah!
’Tis an unbelieving Giaour.

“Up, thou Christian dog!” he thunders,
Spurning with his armed heel,
While his band in silence wonders
Why he spares the ready steel—
“Up! no mercy will I show thee.”
Wild he springs from off the ground,
Crying, “*I had cause to know thee*
By the Lee, thou Paynim hound.

“Now, you die before you leave me;
I have track’d thee safe and sure:
This is for the wound you gave me,
That is for sweet Lily Moore!”
Ha! the band is spurring faster,
Shouting vengeance, dark and wild—
“He has slain the Bey, our master;
Be his father’s grave defil’d!”

When the sun was bright and burning
Came the cortege sad and slow,
With their wounded Bey returning,
Glaring on his fetter’d foe.
Faithful slaves around him hover,
Till the leech his wounds shall cure;
While the dungeon closes over
Him that lov’d sweet Lily Moore.

* God is great, and there is no God but God.

THIRD PART.

Gliding like an angry demon
 To the Harem's spicy bow'r,
 Comes the scowling Bey, Suleyman,
 At the stilly midnight hour ;
 Jealous rage his bosom burn'd
 'Gainst the lovely Christian maid,
 Who with hate his vows has spurn'd,
 And with scorn his love repaid.

"False Isauri,* ho ! thy minion
 Soon shall meet a painful doom ;
 For my slaves his limbs shall pinion,
 And with fire his heart consume ;
She shall see her Christian lover
 In his torments madly rave :
 May my curse his ashes wither,
 Hungry dogs defile his grave !"

Twinkling stars are brightly shining
 In the heavens calm and pure ;
 And he knows that oft reclining
 'Mid the flowers sits Lily Moore.
She is there ; but—"Oh, Inshallah !"
 Fix'd with rage Suleyman stood :
 "God of Islam ! holy Allah !
 'Tis the slave who spilt my blood.

"Summon Muley Hassan hither"—
 Quick the trembling slave obeys—
 "Ha ! may blight thy arms wither !
 Thou hast held the dungeon keys :
 Tell me why the Christian maiden
 Holds her lover by her side,
 When his hands with gyves were laden,
 And his limbs in fetters tied.

"Allah ! see their sweet embraces !
 Quick ! thy matchlock hither bring :
Thou shalt spoil their loving graces,
 And *his* heart with anguish wring.

* Jesus Christ.

Ready! when I tell thee fire—
 Seest thou not her gleaming brow?
 Steady—straight before thee—higher:
 Let his idol perish—now!”

A shot, a groan, and all is over—
 Fieroe Suleyman's stark and dead;
 The maid is standing by her lover;
 Muley Hassan* swift has fled,
 Shouting, “Fly, my *Irish* brother!
 This shall for my fault atone.
 Think of me, and love each other:
Irish hearts are not of stone.”

* * * * *

Down beside the placid river,
 With her ringlets flowing free,
 While the setting sunbeams quiver
 O'er her darling native Lee,
 Sits a young and happy mother,
 With her lov'd ones all secure:
 Well they love and prize each other,
 Though *no longer* Lily Moore.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

There's a haven of rest on the sweet river Lee,
 Where the wave-beaten sailor securely may sleep:
 Though the tempest is lashing the billowy sea,
 And the fiend of destruction careers o'er the deep;
 Though the ocean abroad in its madness may roar,
 As it dashes the barque on its foam-cover'd crest—
 He may slumber secure, till the storm is o'er,
 As a babe lull'd to sleep on its dear mother's breast.

The treacherous rock to our port is unknown;
 The quicksand ensnares not the ship to its doom;
 For beauty it stands in the world alone,
 Through the wild winter's blast or the sweet summer's
 bloom;

* Supposed to be an Irish renegade.

The verdure-clad headlands that form its coast
 Slope down to the river, their bosoms to lave;
 And the gallantest navy the world can boast
 May anchor secure on its rippling wave.

But yet *there's one fault* in the harbor we love
 That mars all the beauty created by God:
 It is IRISH; and, therefore, our beautiful Cove
 Is shunn'd by the Saxon, who hates the green sod.
They will value it yet as a hope and a guide,
 As they enter our port, by necessity driven;
 When the BABEL OF OCEAN*—their boast and their pride—
 Is dash'd on the rocks by the tempest of heaven.

* * * * *

A gallant ship† came from a far distant shore,
 With a light-hearted crew of the fair and the brave:
 She will rest in our port as her journey is o'er—
 There's a cloud in the sky and a moan on the wave.
 They have pass'd the sure haven; their anchor is cast;
 But the tempest their barque 'gainst the wild rocks has
 hurl'd:
 Let us hope they have anchor'd *securely at last*
 In a haven of rest that is not of this world.

THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

AIR—"The Avenger."

Oh! heard ye yon shout rising high on the gale,
 That causes the cheek of the timid grow pale?
 For they know that ere long 'twill leave some void of hope,
 As it comes from the hell-hounds of bold Captain Cope.
 They have come from a raid with their prisoners and spoil,
 The gold of the rich, and the savings of toil:
 The wealth in their coffers is carefully laid;
 But the prisoners must pine till their ransom is paid.

* The Great Eastern.

† The Royal Charter.

The hall of the castle is blazing with light,
 And high revel is held, till 'tis late in the night;
 For the bandit chief claims, as his own proper prize,
 A beautiful maiden with dark beaming eyes.
 He seizes a bumper, 'twixt scorn and pride,
 Saying, "Comrades, drink deep to the health of my bride;"
 But they start, as the echoes of old Carrigrohan*
 Are wak'd by a blast, though 'tis far from the dawn.

It is only a harper, benighted and late,
 Who has sounded the blast at the postern gate;
 He is welcom'd with many a jest and a call,
 And usher'd at once to a seat in the hall.
 "A song," cried the chieftain, "Sir Harper, a stave;
 Sing high to the love of the fair and the brave."
 He touches the strings to an air wild and rude,
 While they listen intent to the minstrel's prelude.

SONG.

"The ravens are gathering dark in the sky,
 And the eagle is screaming his death-boding cry:
 They wheel round the castle, and soar o'er the flood,
 For the dawn is preparing a banquet of blood.
 The band is carousing, the chieftain is drunk,
 The warders in slumber are heavily sunk,—
 The maid is bewailing the friends that are dear,
 Though help is preparing and rescue is near.

"For the victims the bandit has plunder'd or slain
 Have long cried for vengeance in city and plain,
 And the brand and the torch, in the hands of the foe,
 Will soon have the hold of the robber laid low."——
 "Now hold," cried the chieftain, "what raven is here
 That croaks of the brand, and the torch, and the bier?"
 He looks on his band, who now sleep one and all,
 While the harper has silently stole from the hall.

* Carrigrohan Castle was once held by a band of daring freebooters, under Captain Cope, whose exploits were a terror to the citizens of Cork and the inhabitants of the adjoining country, till at last they mustered a sufficient force, and exterminated the band.

Hurrah ! there's a shout, and a crash, and a roar,
 And the bandits have sprung from their sleep on the floor ;
 They rush with their captain to join in the fight,
 But are met at the door by a noble young knight.
 " Ha ! curse thee, false harper ! there's truth in thy song ;
 But the ravens shall banquet on thee before long :
 Though my band is surrounded, my castle on fire,
 It shall make for its chieftain a funeral pyre."

They fought long and well in the fire-girdled hall,
 But the harper-knight's sword was a terror to all ;
 The corse of their leader is flung from the cliff,
 And his band in their harness are gory and stiff ;
 The maid is unscathed by steel or by fire,
 And is held in the grasp of her grey-headed sire,
 Who gazes upon her with rapture and pride ;
 And the harper was blest with a blooming young bride.

HURRAH FOR THE GREEN OLD ISLE!*

AIR—" *War Song of Erin.*"

Hurrah for the Green Old Isle,
 By the broad Atlantic wave,
 With her daughters deck'd with virtue's smile,
 And her sons so bold and brave !
 Let us join our hands once more
 On her shamrock-spangled sod,
 For the emblem that Saint Patrick bore,
 When he preach'd of Erin's God.
 Sons of the Green Old Land,
 By the sparkling River Lee,
 Unite together heart and hand
 Till our hearths and homes are free.

* Written expressly for the Cork National Soiree, held in the Athenæum,
 March 17, 1861.

To the bounds of the distant earth,
 Where'er the sunlight shines,
 For the dear old land that gave him birth
 The Irish exile pines ;
 He thinks of his mountain home
 In the land he loves so well,
 And the lonely grave by the torrent's foam,
 Where his father fighting fell.
 Sons of the Green Old Land,
 With the exile far away
 Unite together heart and hand
 To greet Saint Patrick's Day.

The Saxon's galling chain
 Is eat with blood-stain'd rust ;
 We'll rend its iron links in twain—
When we'll be free we must ;
 And our harp that silent hung
 Shall charm a list'ning world,
 When Erin's songs are proudly sung,
 And her banner is unfurl'd.
 Hurrah ! in deep despite
 Of the Saxon's iron will,
 Let Erin's sons once more unite,
 For our hearts are Irish still.

To the Emerald of the Sea,
 Let's fill the bumper high :
 May we roam her hills unchain'd and free,
 As the wild waves rolling high ;
 May days of mist and gloom
 In this land no more be seen,
 And the shamrock twine in endless bloom
With the orange and the green.
 Sons of the Green Old Land,
 By the murmuring River Lee,
 Give friendship's clasp with an honest hand
 Till our hearths and homes are free.

THE LEE CLUB REGATTA SONG.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO VICTOR FITZGIBBON, ESQ., AND THE MEMBERS OF
THE LEE ROWING CLUB.

Behind yon hills in the purple west,
Where the brave old shamrock greenly grows,
The sun is sinking down to rest,
And the evening zephyr freely blows ;
Our boat is launch'd on the sparkling tide,
With joyous hearts and a willing crew,
As o'er its waves we calmly glide,
For the River Lee to dare and do.
River Lee, sweet River Lee—
One and all then, brothers, row—
Thy silver waves glide fair and free,
As merrily over their crest we go.

Away ! away ! with the signal gun,
The spray is flung from our bow in show'rs,
As the race of life when first begun,
Will lead through childhood's path of flow'rs ;
Like the memory of a fleeting dream,
We are past the hills of sweet Glanmire,
Oh, ever thus on life's dark stream,
May we reach the port of our hearts' desire !
Row together, brothers all,
For the honor of our native tide ;
Like foam bells o'er a waterfall,
O'er her sparkling breast we gaily glide.

Steady, now ! for our distant goal,
Put forth your strength as our boat returns ;
As the dawn of Faith o'er the trusting soul,
The beacon-light in the Castle burns.
Remember bright eyes gaze on you,
And watch our boat with throbbing breast ;
Then cheerily, cheerily, gallant crew !
When the prize is won, we'll sweetly rest.
Row together bold and free,
Though the pulses glow and the sinews strain ;
For the ever sparkling River Lee,
The name we have won we'll still retain.

Legends and Ballads.

LEGENDS AND BALLADS.

THE APOSTLE'S GRAVE.*

The autumn wind went howling past,
The sere-leaf rustled in the blast,
The thick dull rain fell pattering slow
On the quiet homes of the dead below.
My heart was sad as I rais'd my eye
To the hurrying clouds in the dull grey sky ;
And the cypress trees did sadly wave
As I knelt beside the Apostle's grave.

I thought what a shadow was earthly fame,
And what was the use of an honor'd name ;
That he who sleeps 'neath that cold wet stone,
Had toil'd unaided, and struggled alone,
And Erin freed from the iron thrall
Of the damning arch-fiend, *Alcohol* ;
And all he had gain'd in the land of his birth
Was that simple cross, and six feet of earth.

Far better be they whose ruthless hand
Carried fire and sword through a peaceful land,
Who, through widows' wail, and orphans' moan,
Had rais'd some tyrant's skull-built throne ;

* Cork can boast of being peculiar in many ways. Among others, the peculiarity of forgetting those who really serve her best. In any other city in the world, there would have been a public monument to Father MATHEW years ago. It could have been done in Cork long ago, if those who have it in hands would leave the work there, in place of waiting for one who seems either unwilling or unable to execute it.

With tears and blood had track'd their way,
 And the patriot's arm had fail'd to stay,
 And the cannon's roar, and a nation's tears,
 Had follow'd to their "honor'd biers."

Then granite was rais'd into pyramids high,
 And "statues of brass" tower'd up to the sky,
 And their names inscrib'd on "history's page,"
 As the "*godlike men of a glorious age*;"
 While the good and pious, the man of peace,
 Finds rest from his toil in this narrow space,
 The "prayers of the poor," and the tears they shed,
 Are the honors paid o'er his humbled bed.

I look'd, and away the dark clouds roll'd,
 And the sun look'd out through banks of gold,
 And the rainbow shone o'er the sparkling sod
 Like the jewell'd gate of the House of God;
 And from the old stone cross I heard
 The joyous song of that sacred bird,*
 Who redden'd his breast 'gainst the bleeding side,
 Of Him who on that cross had died.

And I knew beyond that glowing west
 Was a Land of Light, far, far away,
 Where the good will find eternal rest,
 When earth and its honors are past away.
 Oh! better far a place with God,
 On the endless steps of his mighty throne,
 Than the courtier's smile or despot's nod,
 Or honors and titles, and sculptur'd stone.

Then, keep your laurels for other men;
 Let MATHEW rest in his humble grave,
 And build your granite pillars again
 To "conquerors on the land and wave."
He needs them not—good use he made
 Of the talent which his Lord hath given,
 And now, 'midst joys that never fade,
 He takes his rest with the just in Heaven.

* The robin redbreast.

DON'T FORGET "POOR BOTHERED DAN."*

Winter nights are coming dreary,
 Chilling blasts howl by the door,
 Rich men's homes are warm and cheery ;
 But God help the houseless poor !
 And at Christmas, when the bounty
 Of that good, kind-hearted man,†
 Is shar'd among the poor around ye,
 Don't forget "Poor Bother'd Dan."

Once he wore a sword and feather,
 Now the sword is eat with rust ;
 Long the old plume stood the weather,
 But at last it turn'd to dust.
 All his fighting days are over,
 Or, more correct, have ne'er began ;
 Soon he'll rest, "The Ancient Rover"—
 Don't forget "Poor Bother'd Dan."

Orders of his own creation
 Sparkle on his humble coat,
 Titles, high in estimation,
 Which no herald ever wrote.
 "Worthless baubles," says the sneerer ;
 True, but neither curse nor ban
 Ever "track'd" their honest wearer :
 Don't forget "Poor Bother'd Dan."

Fierce elections, temperance meetings,
 Bands or parties, bonfire blaze,
 He was first, 'mid friendly greetings,
 "Guardian of the City Keys."
 Fire or flood, or fun and folly,
 Who has always led the van,
 And most lov'd Cork, if sad or jolly ?
 Don't forget 'twas "Bother'd Dan."

* For the information of those who did not know him, DANIEL O'SULLIVAN, Bothered Dan, or Cracked Dan, was a simple-minded old man (one of the *extinct* public characters of Cork), who dressed in a quaint uniform, with an immense cocked hat, and his coat covered with all sorts of brass medals and ornaments, and imagined himself Commander-in-Chief of the National Forces in Ireland. He usually carried an immense brass key, for the purpose of bestowing the freedom of the city—Heaven rest his simple soul ! He has died neglected after all ; but he has gone where those who are exalted shall be humbled, and those who are humble shall be exalted.

† Sir JOHN ARNOTT.

Not much longer can he linger ;
 Soon we'll have his vacant place,
 For grim Time, with ruthless finger,
 Marks his mild, yet warlike face.
 Now's the time, while he is near you,
 Help the " General " while you can,
 And say not, when no more he'll hear you,
 We forgot " Poor Bother'd Dan."

Though his locks are thin and hoary,
 And no king his titles gave,
 To wreathe his name in song or story,
 All are equal in the grave.
 Is he not a fellow mortal ?
Dare you say the Son of Man
 Will thrust him from his blessed portal,
 Or forget " Poor Bother'd Dan " ?

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

(Written for the Centenary.)

The Irish hills—the Irish hills,
 Her rocky glens and mountain passes,
 Her brawling streams and sparkling rills,
 Her stalworth sons and blooming lasses ;
I prize ye in my Irish heart,
 Yet oft I've left ye a'thegither,
 And to the bonnie North would start,
 To wander o'er the Scottish heather.

I've roam'd by mony a burnie's side,
 Or crouch'd among the gorse and fern,
 Have seen her clans in martial pride
 March to the pibroch wild and stern.
 I've drank " the maut " till a' was dark,
 Wi' Allan, Will, and Rab the Ranter,
 And shouted, " Weel done, Cutty Sark,"
 Wi' that daft carl, " Tam o' Shanter."

Wi' Mauchline's belles had mony a game,
 At simmer eve and dewy dawn,
 And Nancy's sodjer seen come hame
 . "When wild war's deadly blast was blawn."
 "The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon"
 I've track'd them till my foot was weary,
 And often wander'd 'neath the moon
 Along wi' "winsome Highland Mary."

I've wander'd doon the banks o' Tweed,
 To that sweet spot ca'd Linkumoddie,
 And "Willie Wastle's wife" I seed,
 And, faith! *she was* a grousome body;
 And, oh! the days of "auld lang syne,"
 Your memory o'er m^e fond heart gushes,
 When half my senses I wad tine,
 Wi' lasses braw amang the rushes.

And yet I've never left my home
 To wander on the banks of Clyde,
 And but *in fancy* lov'd to roam,
 When seated by my "ain fireside."
 Then here's to him, the Scottish Bard!
 To-night his country joys and mourns:
 We'll hold your name in high regard,
 And prize your songs, dear ROBERT BURNS.

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY!"

Aye, post it up on every hand,
 And shout it on the gale,
 And let the echoes of the land
 Repeat the mocking tale,
 Till it shall rankle in the heart,
 And flash the angry eye,
 As careless Paddy feels the smart—
 "No Irish need apply!"

Aye, brood upon the deep disgrace,
 And eat your tear-stain'd crust ;
 They clos'd against you every place
 Of confidence and trust ;
 For when poor Paddy, night and morn,
 To raise his lot would try,
 He met those words of bitter scorn—
 " No Irish need apply ! "

But when John Bull was sore beset
 With foes on every side,
 He said to Pat, " Forgive, forget,"
 And such soft-sawder tried,
 Till Paddy left his native shore,
 (On foreign strand to lie ;
 While Bull, (ungrateful) cried the more,
 " No Irish need apply ! "

But spite of all the scorn they gave,
 The trumpet blast of Fame
 Has given Pat, on land and wave,
 A brave and honour'd name.
 As pikes such as Waterloo,
 Or Lucknow and Delhi,
 Whoever said, " I'm not to do :
 No Irish need apply " ?

Ah, yes ! he gave us Irish and kind,
 And kept himself the drums :
 But now there's something in the wind—
 He's leaving the drums
 The trumpets draw the banners back,
 The drums go marching by :
 The Paddy's down on every side,
 " No Irish need apply ! "

No ! I want us 't' the sea to roam,
 To fight his battles for :
 No better fight and die at home,
 'Tis in the deeds that we know

His tall ships wait, their boast and brag,
 Saint George's cross on high ;
But Paddy sees upon that flag,
 "No Irish need apply!"

* * * * *

Ho ! Drives, pause—for you and me
 There's justice yet in store ;
 A time will come when Pat shall be
 Your LAZARUS no more.
 They say (and sure he likes it well)
 When Paddy comes to die,
 He'll meet upon the gates of —,
 "No IRISH need apply!"

THE MAYOR'S ELECTION.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL JOHN ARNOTT, ESQ.

The first new month of "Fifty-nine"
 Is after others disappearing,
 Though Cork began it very fine,
 With music, fun, and joyous cheering ;
 For ARNOTT of the open hand,
 Who helps at need his starving brother,
 Was hail'd as Mayor with blaze and band—
 For "one good turn deserves another."

We care not be he black or brown,
 From England, Wales, or "Scotland bonnie ;"
 If he improves our native town,
 He's just the man to suit our money—
 To see fair justice done to all,
 No matter what their creed or station,
 And keep each market, shop, and stall,
 From *light*-weights and adulteration.

And build a bridge for Ireland's Saint,
 For many a day they've kept him waiting,
 Because the Council seems intent
 On *not a-bridge*-ing its debating.

Our trades stand idle on "the Square"—
 To build it *now* would set them going;
 I need not tell you, Mr. Mayor,
 "The steed will starve while the grass is growing."

And *mud* is handy in its way,
 For cabin walls or parish-pudding,
 But toddle through it every day,
 And see how it improves your footing;
 And ladies' hoops are pretty well
 For sweeping streets, but 'tis a pity
 The pretty creatures to compel
 With *crinolines* to clean the city.

And agriculture's all the rage,
 And no one does the slightest harm;
 But, *och macrhone*, 'twould vex a sage
 To see our "*Park*" a model farm;
 For boys must have a place to play,
 Or else they'll turn to cards and smoking;
 And I have heard their parents say,
 That hoops and kites are less provoking.

Then, please your Worship, give a poke
 To set the Council in a canter,
 Or all their talk will end in smoke,
 Unless to work they set instanter;
 And, faith! we'll stand by you next year,
 And drink your health, in bumpers brimming,
 For *Cork* (beyond a doubt, 'tis clear)
 Should ever at the top be swimming.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Our happy school upon the hill,
 Where first were taught the childish prayers,
 That prove through scenes of strife and ill
 The solace of our after years—
 Thy loving lessons still have power,
 When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
 To save us in temptation's hour,
 And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
Thy children play no common part—
The skilful hand at every trade,
The ornament of every art ;
The chemist, with his mystic lore,
The clever scholar teaching others,
The trader to a distant shore,
Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

They teach the maxim to their flock,
The children of the Irish sod,
To shield the House upon the Rock,
Whose corner stone was laid by God ;
To live as honest men should do,
And cheerfully for bread to labor,
And give the right hand, firm and true,
In love and friendship to their neighbor.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
Who fears that every rolling billow
May sweep him to a watery grave,
The coral rocks to be his pillow,
Remembers there's a watchful eye
That looks on him as well as others,
As with a thankful, happy sigh,
He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battle field,
With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
Although his spirit will not yield,
The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
He thinks upon the peaceful word,
'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
And spares his conquer'd foe the sword,
Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
Will linger long upon the strand,
And gaze across the sea in sadness.

His home is by the winding Lee,
 Where, long ago, the best of mothers,
 Ere death o'ertook her, pray'd he'd be
 A credit to the Christian Brothers.

Through horrors of the famine year,
 That made the stoutest hearts grow cold,
 They nobly strove their flocks to rear,
Without the aid of English gold.
 You came not then, as brothers should,
 To help them in their bitter need,
 When He who loves the pure and good
 With blessings would reward the deed.

Then say not after proofs like these,
 And many others quite as moving,
 That *mizing up* with youth agrees,
 And that our system needs improving.
 You'll find no better busy elves
 Throughout the world, if you roam;
 Then with your own, *improve yourselves*,
 For charity begins at home.

THE KNIGHT ON THE COAL-BLACK STEED.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARY'S OF THE ISLE.*

The storm-fiend went shrieking by,
 And crashing thunders rent the sky;
 The hoarse wind whirl'd the drenching rain,
 And fiercely rattled each window pane;
 But firmly stood a holy pile—
 The fam'd "St. Mary's of the Isle,"
 Whose monks sat round a cheerful fire,
 Though lightnings curl'd around the spire.

* The present beautiful Convent of "St. Mary's of the Isle," near St. Finn Barr's Cathedral, Cork, is built on the site of the Convent of the same name mentioned in the text. It is said, that during the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," Lord Deputy of Ireland, he once took sanctuary within its walls from the myrmidons of the government. It is also mentioned as a place of great note for piety and learning, and then stood on an island, which was reached by an ancient stone bridge.

The tale is hush'd, and the legend mute,
 As they list the elements' fierce dispute,
 And anxious faces all are there,
 With many a silently mutter'd prayer;
 But they start, and many have turned pale,
 As a shout is borne upon the gale,
 And the echo of that wild halloo
 Is—Heaven shield us!—" *Crom a-boo.*"*

The storm has rent the belfry tower,
 But the brave old bell withstood its power;
 And blent with the crash of the falling roof
 Is the sound of many an iron hoof.
 Look yonder! O'er the flooded stream,
 Where the lightning flings its lurid gleam,
 Why comes he with such headlong speed,
 That gallant knight on a coal-black steed?

Look again! Through the midnight blast
 Follows that troop both fierce and fast,
 Furiously urging with spur and goad,
 Their foaming steeds on the flooded road.
 Ha! they are gaining upon him now,
 As he wipes the blood from his throbbing brow:
 God! will none, in his utmost need,
 Rescue the knight on the coal-black steed?

Faster, faster—the bridge is nigh;
 See, it looms dim 'gainst the stormy sky.
 Faster—thy war-horse needs repose;
 But he'll bear thee yet from thy vengeful foes.
 He has gain'd the bridge, and his toils are o'er;
 The good steed falls to rise no more,
 And the knight has faced the yelling crew,
 Still shouting his war-cry, "*Crom a-boo.*"

The plashing rain fell thick and fast,
 And fiercely yell'd the midnight blast;
 The foaming flood swept madly round,
 As the leader sprang to the reeking ground.

* The war-cry of the Geraldines.

"Surrender, traitor!" he fiercely cried,
 "Or death shall quench thy rebel pride;"
 But the knight has clove his skull in twain—
 He will never mount his steed again.

Bravely done!—though his wounds fresh bleed,
 He has sprung on the leader's trembling steed,
 And bravely meets that hireling band
 Alone, unaided, hand to hand.
 They have hemm'd him in: "Down, rebel, down!
 Thy life is forfeit to the crown!"
 They shout with many a wild halloo;
 But he only answer'd, "*Crom a-boo.*"

The bridge is red with Saxon blood,
 And some have sunk in the hissing flood;
 Yet furiously they seek to kill
 The knight who is mounted, fighting still;
 But, ha! what means that shriek of pain?
 The bridge is rent with the dreadful strain,
 And sinks in the boiling flood below,
 With the gallant knight and the hireling foe.

The trembling monks look'd on aghast;
 But the Abbot cried, as he whirled past,
 "O God! will you let the brave knight drown,
 Though the boat is swamp'd, and the bridge is down?"
 He rushes wildly along the shore;
 But his cries are hush'd in the tempest's roar.
 Ha! what said the knight as he sank from view?—
 "*For dear old Erin, Crom a-boo.*"

* * * * *

None could say, when the storm was past,
 If any had reach'd the shore at last,
 Nor was the Abbot e'er known to tell
 Of what on that dread night befell;
 But a stranger sometimes cross'd the hall,
 Of noble bearing, fair and tall,
 And none could ever tell his name,
 Or what he was, or whence he came.

Though often by the ruddy light
 Of the cheerful fire, on winter's night,
 While all within was bright and warm,
 They listen'd to the howling storm,
 And proudly told each gallant deed
 Of the rider on the coal-black steed,
 And whisper'd, "The stranger seldom seen
 Is—*Silken Thomas, the Geraldine.*"

SONG OF THE IRISH BREEZE.

I have listen'd to the breeze, blowing from the distant hills,
 Murmuring among the trees, sporting with the summer rills,
 Softly sighing where the fern springs above our kindred's
 graves,

Rushing wildly, dark and stern, by the broad Atlantic waves;
 And my spirit doth rejoice

With the glad breeze blowing free,

For I seem to hear a voice

Whispering words of hope to me.

"Hope and trust—the time is near," does the wild breeze
 seem to say,

"When the gloom of dark despair from this land shall pass
 away;

When her sons that love and bless her need not leave their
 native shore,

And the might of the oppressor shall be broken evermore;

When their strongholds shall be level,

And the ivy clothe their walls,

And the night winds hold high revel

In their proud ancestral halls."

I have wander'd by the stream at the rosy blush of morn,

When the sun with golden beam rose above the waving corn,

And the breeze in fitful murmurs mad defiance seem'd to hurl:

"Shall the Irish reap the harvest still to feed the Saxon churl,

Or come forth in wild commotion,

With the banner and the glaive;

Or beneath the deep green ocean

Find a refuge and a grave?"

I have stood at deep midnight by the peasant's ruined home,
 With the bright moon's silver light shining down from
 heaven's dome ;
 And a young contented mother seem'd to croon a simple lay,
 And the children with each other join'd again in happy play,
 Till the breeze came hoarse and muffled,
 Like the Spirit of the flood,
 Asking, " Who can wash the threshold
 Of that grey-hair'd sire's blood ? "

I have sat beside the sea rippling on the yellow sands,
 When the ocean winds blew free, telling tales of other lands,
 And the sunlight gilt the wave-tops, like the flash of polish'd
 steel,
 And strange voices whisper'd tidings which the bard dare not
 reveal ;
 Coming from the distant world,
 Gallant vessels seem'd to float,
 And a banner seem'd unfurl'd,
 With a warlike trumpet note.

* * * * * * *

By the bright lake in the valley, on the rock beside the wave,
 In the grove of waving sally, by the Irish martyr's grave,
 On the summit of the mountain, or beneath the summer trees,
 I am haunted by the murmurs of the chainless Irish breeze ;
 Yet it sings these notes of gladness
 In the poet's willing ears—
 " Erin is not doom'd to sadness ;
 God, ere long, shall dry her tears."

THE SPRING OF THE HEART.

Does it need to tell the story that the summons has gone forth,
 For old Winter, grey and hoary, to return to the north ?
 Doth a myriad tiny voices not the gladsome tidings bring,
 That all nature now rejoices in the coming breath of Spring ?

It is coming in the plashing of a thousand sparkling rills,
As they leap, with diamonds flashing, from the green eternal
hills;

It is come upon the river, as it calmly ripples by,
Where the shadows quiver, quiver 'neath the ever-changing
sky.

It is coming with the swallow; it is coming with the bee;
It is heard on hill and hollow, in the soft wind blowing free;
It is come with violets springing; it is come with pleasant
showers;

It is come with wild-birds singing; it is come with perfum'd
flowers.

It is coming with the maiden tripping through the dewy grove,
When the boughs are blossom-laden, and the air seems
breathing love,

And far o'er the waving corn blithely sings the lark on high,
As she blushes like the morn—hark! her lover's step is nigh.

Thus it is upon all nature, Spring's soft influence reaches deep,
Changing every hue and feature from its cheerless winter's
sleep.

Why should man be lost to feeling, and his voice in praise be
dumb,

When all nature is revealing, *there are better days to come?*

No! for, see: a soft emotion stirs the breast and nerves the
hand

Of the sailor on the ocean, and the soldier on the land;
And the thoughts of happy childhood come, like sound of
distant bells,

To the exile in the wild wood, and the pris'ners in their cells.

And a mutter'd prayer to Heaven comes from every laden
breast,

That their sins may be forgiven, "where the weary are at
rest;"

And, from out the bosom rushing, sin and sorrow soon depart,
When God's holy spring comes gushing o'er the winter of the
heart.

NURSERY RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

No. I.

Ride a cock-horse to George's-street Cross,
 To see Mr. Arnott atop of his horse,
 With the fire-escape, and the plugs, and the hose,
 And he will have *water* wherever he goes ;
 And the streets will be clean'd for fine ladies to walk,
 And *the Council* be whipp'd till they work and not talk,
 And the "Beautiful City," the pride of the Lee,
 Will soon be a credit to *his worship* and *me*.

Hey, diddle, diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
 Old Barney jump'd over the moon ;
 The Gutter Club laugh'd at the-welcome news—
 The Queen is coming here soon.
 The news came over in three ships, although you take it easy ;
 'Twas told us by a little man that afterwards went crazy.

Make a pie ten feet high, baker's man.
 Troth, I will, Barney, as fast as I can.
 Pat it and stuff it, and mark it with B,
 And we'll serve it up *hot* to the Queen's majesty.

Sing a song—the royal throng through Cork is passing by—
 Four and twenty *humbug knights* bak'd in a pie ;
 When the pie was open'd, they all began to whine,
 And Barney S——, that got it made, was knighted by the
 Queen.

See-saw, without reason or law,
 Our "Park" was sold by the Council braw.
 Weren't they a dirty set
 To sell the Park for what they could get,
 And leave us trudge through wet and sludge?
 And for our money they give us *fudge*.

Hush-a-by, Georgey, down on the P'rade,
 Of strong bars of iron your crutches are made;
 But the bars will soon break, and you're sure of a fall,
 And down will come Georgey, crutches, and all;
 And I'm greatly afraid that your friend Barney Sheen
 Will think you're too shabby to welcome the Queen,
 And will jabber and talk, like a man without sense,
 Till he'll have you *all gilt at the city's expense*.

NURSERY RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES.*

No. II.

Boys and girls, come out and play—
 You'll lose the fun if you longer stay;
 Come with an effigy, come with a barrel,
 Come for to bury poor B——t C——l;
 Leave your supper, and come with the crowd—
 The band is playing sweet and loud;
 And the rabble, as if they were out of their mind,
 Play the d——l's tattoo at their heels behind;
 While his worship the Mayor, Kinsale's M.P.,
 Is keeping the peace of our "fair citie;"
 And the polis look on, to a riot alive,
 And seem as among them they'd like to dive;
 But the never a reason they gave them at all
 For using the bayonet or powder and ball.

* The origin of these rhymes was as follows: when Col. Wood and Mr. Carroll lost the city election, messieurs the rabble made themselves very busy, burying them in effigy, when an amusing, and what might have been a serious, incident occurred to the writer. A funeral, preceded by a band and torch-bearers, was passing the Court House, where his workshop is situated, when one of the boys, seeing "WOOD CARVER" in large wooden letters in the window, suddenly cried, "Oh! be de jumpin' jackass! look where WOOD & CARROLL is. Are we goin' to put up wit dat!" The corpse was laid down, and a rush made to investigate the matter, while a few stones were thrown; but fortunately some of the mourners were better readers than the first, and discovered their mistake in time. The informer got two or three kicks for his pains, and the procession was resumed, with shouting for the popular candidates.

For the boy that was kill'd—and another, of course,
Like the fam'd Johnny Leech—should go riding a horse,
Which, all day, as smooth as a boat did glide,
And their friends were crying, “How nice they ride!”
And they just got sight of the winning post,
When the race, and the boys, and the horse were lost;
For the rival horse came with two *knowinger* lads,
That were up to all tricks, like the boys call'd “cads;”
And they frighten'd the horse that poor B——t was on,
Till he flung up his heels, and so ended the fun;
For poor B——t was kill'd, t'other wounded full sore—
A lesson to wild boys for evermore.

A Bear and an Eagle are growling abroad,
Whom some will censure, and more applaud,
For setting their neighbors by the ears,
And filling the world with hopes and fears;
And it came round in simple way—
The Bear had wanted to make his prey
Of a Turkey that liv'd in the East;
But the bird didn't like it in the least,
And tried to fight his mighty foe—
But, if left alone, 'twould be no go—
Till a Bull and an Eagle did interfere,
And between them all they lick'd the Bear.
Then the Turkey, to show his grateful heart,
Call'd them “infidels” for taking his part;
And 'twas all forgot, and the world at peace,
Till the Bear and the Eagle agreed to fleece;
And first they bid the Bull good-by,
After throwing sand in his nose and eye;
For the Eagle wants to live in a *Roome*,
Though its landlord says he shant presume;
And the Bear can't relish a bite or a sup,
Till his neighbor the Turkey he gobbles up;
And the Bull now daren't interfere
With his friend the Eagle, and foe the Bear:
So between them all, the world, alas!
Has come at last to a pretty pass.

NURSERY RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES.*

No. III.

Whim, wham, whaddle, O!
 Dance fiddle-faddle, O!
 Bring the whip and saddle, O,
 Till A——w takes a ride.
 I told my love so many times
 His riding to give o'er,
 For fear my boy should get a fall,
 As he has got before.

I'd buy him lots of pretty toys
 As ever you did see;
 But, no! Sir Wilful only wants
 The letters call'd M.P.
 I said the race was dangerous,
 And bid him to beware;
 But, only think—the saucy boy!—
 He says he dinna care.

He's off upon his hobby horse,
 And using spur and rein,
 And asking all the freemen's help
 He wishes to obtain;
 But still upon my foolish heart
 He left a heavy load;
 For, ah! my darling does not know
 There's *Lyons* on his road;—

Though I told him, and he going,
 To avoid them if he could,
 As 'tis not the first, by many times,
 That *Lyons* spoil'd *A Wood*;
 And, till I hear he's safe and sound,
 I can't take bite or sup,
 Lest (like bold Harry, long ago)
 The beasts should eat him up.

* Messrs. Wood and Carroll, after being buried and all, should try their fortune at elections again, with the deplorable result mentioned in the text.

Telegraph man! pray tell, if you can,
How goes the battle abroad;
Say if the French are making a trench,
Is the Austrian despot awed;
Say where's Garibaldi now,
And who is the bravest fellow,
With a faithful account of that terrible row,
The battle of Montebello.

What will we do, if the rumor is true—
And there's little cause for doubt—
That to meet the foe we all must go,
Should war at home break out?
And first of all they'll make a call,
Some day that's not far distant,
And visit every "draper's shop,"
And seize on each "assistant."

There's no occasion there to force
An edict so despotic—
They're fine young men, and such, of course,
Are brave and patriotic,
And out will come, at beat of drum,
From office, desk, and counter,
And leave the ladies mind the shop,
While they the foe encounter.

The ladies will cry, with a tear in each eye,
"What a handsome soldier-boy!"
As they march so gay, in bright array,
Our enemies to destroy;
And if wanting a name to trumpet their fame,
When the news of the battle appears,
I'd much recommend, as their steadiest friend,
"The Fair Ladies' Defence Volunteers."

NURSERY RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

No IV.

"Thunder" and "Lightning" were two pretty men
 That slept in their bed till the clock struck ten;
 Then up starts Thunder, and cries, "I'm a dreamer!
 Faith, brother Lightning! we're late for the steamer;
 Run on before, and tell Archy to stop,
 As we're going to Queenstown to take a small drop;
 And, if he don't wait, 'twill be worse for himself,
 As we wont patronize such a humbugging elf."

The steamer bell is ringing loud, round go the paddle-wheels,
 When *little* Thunder jumps on board, with Lightning at his
 heels.

There's pleasant looks on every side, and smiles on every lip—
 But, ah! between it and the cup there often is a slip;
 There's dandies on the paddle-box, and dandies on the gunnel—
 But, ah! what means that sudden cry, "That d——d, infer-
 nal funnel!"

The ladies fly on every side, like sheep without a shepherd,
 And, ah! the darlings, one and all, are spotted like a leopard.

The dandies swore and bluster'd, and Thunder fairly roar'd,
 And Lightning cried, "There's no escape but jumping over-
 board;"

And Thunder clapp'd his hands again, and blubber'd like a
 ninny,

"My salmon-color'd dandy tie that cost me half a guinea!"
 And still the funnel vomited the smut that chok'd and soil'd,
 And more besides the "Shopkeeper" their bran new clothes
 got spoil'd;

For J——tt cried, "Upon my word, the very saints 'twould
 fret!

I just had hit upon a plan to pay the nation's debt."

They look'd a wise though sadder lot, when back again
 returning,

And seem'd as if they left off black and took to second
 mourning;

But all agreed the owners of the steamer should be broke
 For not providing funnels that would swallow their own smoke.

The ancient fable is coming to pass—
 The birds and the beasts are at war, alas!
 And Eagles with two heads, and Eagles with one,
 Are using the bayonet, the rifle, and gun.

The young Bear of Russia is growling his might;
 The Bull is preparing to join in the fight,
 And, with such preparation for bloodshed and strife,
 We may safely suppose 'twill be war to the knife.

And with birds and with beasts, faith! our poor Irish Pat
 Will be forc'd, I'm afraid, *to behave like the Bat*;
 For the Bull will not trust him far out of his sight,
 For fear he'd be helping the Eagle to fight.

And the Eagle must think that the Irish in-fan-try
 Will be playing him tricks, like Killala and Bantry;
 Suspected on both sides, the easiest way
 Is to shout for the winner, whoe'er gains the day—

And keep never heeding how goes either side,
 But mind his own business, and swim with the tide;
 And his country shall flourish in spite of them yet,
For her sun will be rising when others have set.

NURSERY RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

No. V.

Baker, baker, badgeree,
 Welcome to my pillory:
 For baking me such musty bread
 I have a hole to put out your head.
 You cannot have a word to say—
 You bake it now in open day;
 Then, pray, come tell us what's amiss,
 And why you bake such bread as this.

"I'll tell you, then," the baker cries :
 "The fault with Mr. Public lies ;
 'Twas he that made a sad complaint,
 And did such awful pictures paint,
 Of work at night and Sunday labor.
 He drove in fits his next-door neighbor
 With tales, we can't deny are true,
 Of what unhappy bakers do
 When tired and drunk the streets they roam,
 At break of day, to cheerless home ;
 How days of rest, by God ordain'd,
 Were by the drunken brawl profan'd ;
 And, 'stead of sound of praise or pray'r,
 Foul blasphemy rang on the air,
 Till haggard, pale, devoid of strength,
 Exhausted nature fails at length ;
 To torpid sleep the baker yields,
 While others walk in summer fields,
 Or crawls to work with throbbing breast,
 When they shall calmly sink to rest—
 A pallid serf, a branded slave,
 Devoted to an early grave!—
 "'Ho!' cried old Public's startled neighbor,
 'Abolish night and Sunday labor.'
 'Twas done, and forth five thousand came,
 And each good man wrote down his name,
 That he or his, till they were dead,
 Should never touch *that fiend, hot bread* ;
 From this should nothing make them budge,
 But, after all, 'twas simply 'fudge ;'
 For soon they came in great alarm,
 With faces longer than my arm,
 And fiercely they began to scold—
 'Why, bless my heart! *this bread is cold* :
 We thought that night-work was a curse,*
 But bread like this is ten times worse ;
 We never meant—you'll find it true—
 To hurt ourselves by serving you.

* I am sorry to say that after the philanthropic and untiring exertions of Dr. Shaw, F.T.C.D., and others in their cause, the Bakers have fallen back to the old way.

But, not to interrupt our dealing,
 They say, with such an air of feeling,
 'We'll take it from you, I'll go bail,
 One halfpenny cheaper, as 'tis stale.'

"'Tis ever thus the public mind,
 Unsteady as the fickle wind;
 And so, in spite of all the fuss,
 This is the way you stand to us.
 I know not what to do or say,
 Or when to bake it—night or day;
 For every lawful way I've tried,
 And still you are not satisfied.
 You brought me to a pretty pass—
 I'm like the man that lost his ass;
 For, if I bak'd it on my head,
You'd still find some fault with my bread."

THE BLARNEY STONE.*

On a moss-clad stone, by the sparkling Lee,
 In the mystic days of old,
 Sat a being fair as the eye could see,
 Who play'd on a harp of gold,
 And sang sweet music, soft and rare,
 As the zephyrs toss'd her flowing hair.

* The Anglo-Irish tradition connected with the origin of the word "blarney," as applied to an insinuating and persuasive address, is that one of the chiefs of the district having visited the court of Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of making an appeal to her, urged his cause with so much tact and eloquence, that the queen, on hearing the interpretation of his speech, turned to one of her courtiers, and asked, "What part of Ireland is this goodly chieftain from?" and having been answered, "From Blarney," she ever after used the word when any one of her courtiers sought by plausible representation to win favor to their cause. The genuine Irish tradition connected with the stone is given in these verses by one who has had it direct from the voices which were afloat upon the air, while he was reposing by the wooded shores of the waters near. Blarney was a place of note in the Druidical ages. A huge *crom-leach*, or Druid altar, stands there still, in a space of wonderful beauty, a little below the Witch's Stairs, on the margin of the *com-an*. The Four Masters, at A.M. 3501, mention the *Carrac Blarne*, or Rock of Blarney. The stone usually appealed to now, by the touching of the lips, is not the genuine stone—that lies much farther down, built into the walls of the castle. To kiss it, the neophyte must be lowered, head downwards, by ropes: so the late parish priest of Blarney, Father Horgan, used to say, and he was a man of great traditional learning. Of course, at the period to which this tradition refers, though only seven hundred years since, the waters of the Lee were far deeper than they are now, and shells of great size and splendor were abundant on the shore.

"Oh, come, young chieftain, come," she sang ;

"Thou art beautiful and brave,
And thy heart shall feel no grief or pang

In our home beneath the wave,
Whilst thou art sitting by my side,
And the harp is touch'd by your fairy bride.

"The wealth of ocean is at thy call
In our fairy land of dreams,
Where age ne'er comes to fade or pall,
And the music of fairy streams
Shall lull thee to sleep on thy flowery bed,
And the crown of our kingdom shall deck thy head.

"This land is lovely as aught on earth,
But is nought compar'd to mine ;
For sorrow tracks your love and mirth,
And your light doth seldom shine."
"Hold, Fairy Queen !" he rais'd his hand,
"'Tis Erin still, and my native land.

"I love its mountains, wild and free,
Where shines the hand of God ;
And, oh ! I love my native Lee,
And its shamrock-spangled sod,
While I unfetter'd free can roam ;
Then lure me not to your fairy home."

"Ha ! free young chief ! it will not be long
Ere freedom leaves your shore,
And these hills that echo'd the patriots' song
Shall echo those strains no more,
When the Saxon churl, with lying tongue,
Has over your island his fetters flung."

"Then tempt me not ! my place is here,
If danger is so nigh :
Far better meet a bloody bier,
Than like a coward fly ;
For I will not sheathe my father's brand
While a Saxon lives to curse the land."

The Fairy flung her harp aside,
And gaz'd on him with grief,
And stepp'd within the rippling tide
Beside the youthful chief,
And crouch'd within a glowing shell,
And slowly sank as she cried, "Farewell!"

The young chief sat on the moss-clad stone,
And ponder'd the fairy's words,
Till he heard a Saxon trumpet blown,
And the clang of Saxon swords;
And a crimson flush is on his brow,
For a scere to one is around him now.

No mercy from the foe he sought,
But wild his proud eyes gleam,
And gallantly the chieftain fought,
Beside his native stream;
But he fell at length, without a groan,
And his red blood dyed the moss-clad stone.

The Fairy came to the spot again,
When the moon came o'er the hills;
And her sorrow for the hero slain
The dew-clad valley fills,
As she stoop'd beside the silent flood,
And kiss'd the stone dyed with his blood.

His clansmen laid him in the dell,
Where branches o'er him quiver,
Beside the spot he lov'd so well—
The ever-sparkling river—
Where oft the Fairy Queen has sigh'd
Above the stone on which he died.

And time roll'd over, swift and fast,
On rock, and tree, and flower;
And the moss-clad stone was built at last
In Blarney Castle tower,
And they who kiss it, old or young,
Are gifted with the Fairy tongue.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS' MARSEILLAISE.

AIR—" *British Grenadiers.* "

Who talks of an invasion
 By Frenchman, Russ, or Don,
 And says we've great occasion
 For sabre, pike, and gun ;
 And mourns the want of fighting men,
 And other paltry fears,
 When Erin's sons can meet again
 As " Irish Volunteers."

Who says that England in the fight
 Brave Paddy will not trust,
 And keeps the swords that should be bright
 In idleness and rust.
 'Tis but a *wretched coward lie*—
Deny it now who dares ?—
That from the British flag would fly
 " The Irish Volunteers."

Who first came forth in bright array,
 In glorious " Eighty-two " ?
 Who nobly battled in the fray
 At famous Waterloo ?
 In fields that were Old England's boast
 These many hundred years,
 Who were the flower of her host
 But " Irish Volunteers " ?

Ho ! forward, men of every creed—
 Old Ireland and the Queen—
 Be steady in the hour of need,
The Orange and the Green !
 And very soon the world shall see
 Those bitter foes for years
 Unite against the enemy,
 As " Irish Volunteers."

Then forth, FERMOY, and lead the band
To guard our native coast;
Ho! ARNOTT of the open hand,
Be ready at your post.
And men of Cork, come forth once more,
And rattle it in their ears,
That none can guard their native shore
Like "Irish Volunteers."

Ho! "limber up," artillery,
Ho! riflemen, advance,
March forward, Erin's chivalry,
'Gainst Russia, Spain, or France;
And shew them by your ringing shout
They come to find their biers,
While our Green Land is fenc'd about
By "Irish Volunteers."

CHALLENGE TO MR. RAREY,

(THE GREAT HORSE-TAMER.)

Mr. Rarey—oh, my deary—
Welcome back to town;
We'll ring the bells, as each one tells
You're a man of great renown.
Aye, pitch your tent—'tis time well spent—
We'll all be sure to go,
'Tis seldom seen in Cork, I ween,
A genuine Rarey show.

Mr. Rarey, oh, be wary,
Do not talk too fast,
Or you may fail, for I'll go bail
We've found your match at last.
Act how you will, but prove your skill
Before the British Nation,
And tame that stud *that won't be good,*
Our City Corporation!

Mr. Rarey, if some fairy
 Ever gave you pow'r,
 Use it now, and stop the row,
 We'll bless you from that hour.
 Just drop in when they begin—
 Yourself must take the chair—
 And grasp the rein that's held in vain—
By a celebrated Mayre.

Mr. Rarey—but take care he
 Does not take a notion ;
 He's full of tricks, and with his kicks
 Might spoil your "*locomotion*."
 If he were tame, he's known to fame
 For politics and Blarney ;
 I mean the wildest of the stud,
 A famous one call'd "*Barney*."

Mr. Rarey, don't get weary,
 Though 'tis just like Babel ;
 Some fiercely shout and rush about,
 While others thump the table.
 The *Mayre* insists 'tis *Barney's* fault,
 But *Barney* says "poor creature"—
 "Yerra, let him talk, sure the world knows
He's only human nature.."

Mr. Rarey, don't be chary
 Of your secret now ;
 "*Whispering*" is not the thing
 That ever stops a row ;
 Kindness, too, will never do—
 Ah, faith, you look quite puzzled—
 The only way to gain the day
 Is, *have them all well muzzled !*

* * * *

Mr. Rarey, I declare he
 Must not be forgot,
 To see this steed, your heart would bleed,
 He's nearly gone to pot ;

All trades have tried (and failed beside)
 To mend him—'tis a sin ;
But he's stuffed with bricks and mortar,
*And his rump is patched with tin.**

Ullagone, a heart of stone
 I'm sure could not help fretting,
 That horse (or Mare) *should crutches wear*
 From the usage that he's getting.
 Give him ease then, if you please,
 Or else his bones will crack
 From that ould deludin' vagabone
 That's stuck upon his back.

FOREIGN LANDS AND IRISH HEARTS.

Oh, yes, the sunny South may wear
 A flower-studded vest,
 And sweet perfumes may scent the air
 In Araby of the blest ;
 And gems and birds of gorgeous hue
 Are found in distant lands,
 Where smiling skies of azure blue
 Look down on coral strands—
 But Dead Sea fruits seem fair to win,
 Though dust and ashes are within.
 The foul hyæna haunts the brake,
 The tiger guards the bowers,
 And often is the hissing snake
 Conceal'd among the flowers ;
 And coral rocks are dreadful things
 Beneath a stormy sky,
 When the wild bird requiem sings
 To the drowning sailor's cry ;
 But Erin's flowers *are* fair to view,
 Sparkling with gems of *Heaven's dew*.
 England may boast of wealth untold,
 Around her haughty throne,
 And freely scatter blood-stained gold
 In ev'ry clime that's known ;

* The steed of George-a-Horseback.

But look into her gloomy mines,
 And dens of dark despair,
 Where God's bright sunshine never shines—
 Say—*are they happy there?*
 And might is right where shines the light,
 But God in time sets all things right.

“Britannia rules the wave,” her guns
 Are bristling round the coast;
 But Erin—*aye*, and Scotland's sons
 Are foremost of her host.
 Her flaunting flag is proudly set
 Where'er the sun appears;
 But Erin's flag may flourish yet,
 When others sink in tears;
 And none may “rule” the wave or sod,
 But *He* the great All-potent God!

And Caledonia's sons may prize
 Their land of mist and mountain,
 Her maidens too have sparkling eyes,
 Like sunlight on a fountain;
 But deep within the exile's heart
 The shamrock's ever springing,
 And songs of home will joy impart,
 Like sweet bells ever ringing;
 And beauty, love, and virtue rare
 Are centred in our maidens fair.

Then wheresoe'er their lot is cast,
 Beside the mocking stranger,
 Let Irish hearts stand true and fast,
 And shield their land from danger;
 And love their pretty Irish girls,
 Although no gems array them;
 But surely they are priceless pearls,
 E'en just as God has made them—
 And, oh, while e'er their life-blood runs
 Let Erin's maids love Erin's sons.

THE CITY OF CORK ALPHABET FOR 1860.

A is for Arnott, our worshipful Mayor,
 Who will keep us "in order" the rest of the year.
 B is for Bernard, known better as "Barney,"
 And fam'd from the "Poles" to the "Lakes of Killarney."
 C is the "Council" whom "Barney" looks after,
 And calls 'em "dam humbugs" 'midst uproar and laughter.
 D is the "Dyke," once the pride of our town,
 Which the old Council spoil'd, and the new one "done brown."
 E is for Enright that caus'd us great trouble,
 And *would not* build the Bridge till his contract they'd double.
 F *should be* the fountain we got from the judge,
 But the Council have grabb'd it, so F stands for "fudge."
 G "George-a-Horseback," who firmly clutches
 A stout rolling-pin, tho' his charger wears crutches.
 H is the "Harbour," the pride of our city,
 That is sadly neglected—sure more is the pity.
 I (like the man ~~and~~ his ass, in the fable,)
 Have tried to please all, but (like him) I'm unable.
 J is for Jeffcott, who'll puzzle us yet,
 As the man who will pay off the "National Debt."
 K are the keys of our City that strong is,
 And are kept (like the fire-escape) where "Dick Long" is.*
 L is the "Lee," our own dear native river,
 Whose ripples seem gems where the bright sunbeams quiver.
 M is for Mathew that's fam'd o'er the earth,
 Though his name seems forgot in the home of his birth.
 N the "New Wall," with its green shady bowers,
 Though a crowbar would shield you as well from the showers.
 O with a "Flynn," means a brave little man,
 Who will keep all the Council *from jobs* if he can.
 P is the "Park," where we often repose,
 But oh, I forgot, *there* we can't show our nose.
 Q are the "quarrels" that always ensue
 When the Council has business (important) to do.
 R is the "rain," which this year with its tillies,
 Keeps the ladies from flaunting like Solomon's lilies.

* Nowhere.

S are the "steamers," whose funnels are snares,
 That bedabble with soot ev'ry tack a man wears.
 T is for "Thunder," who knows what I mean,
 And dear little "Lightning," who felt all the pain.
 U is the "Union's" Repeal, don't mistake it,
 Which the Queen waits to grant *till we're ready to take it.*
 V is "Victoria," who loves Cork we're told,
 May we oft see her *dear* face on *silver* and *gold.*
 W are the "Works," which after much slaughter,
 Supplies us with *cold*, but keeps *some* in *hot water.*
 X with another X, when we walk out,
 Is the best drink in Ireland, call'd "Beamish's Stout."
 Y is the "Yacht Club," whose boats gaily glide
 At "Cork Harbour Regatta," our boast and our pride.
 Z for the "Zephyr," the "Sybil," and "Ariel,"
 All crack yachts for sailing, (&c.) fare-ye-well.

 BE TRUE.

Be true, ah, be true, to the sailor at sea,
 Though the wild winds may drift, and the billows' loud roll
 May dash his frail barque o'er the rocks on her lee,
 Yet his heart is as true as the steel to the pole.
 Through calm and through pleasure, through tempest and foam,
 His thoughts are on God, on his country, and you ;
 Then be your heart as faithful, and welcome him home ;
 Be true to the sailor, be true, ah, be true.

Be true to the soldier, through distance and time,
 Let your mind never doubt, let your heart never yield,
 Though he find but a grave in a far foreign clime,
 And his bones lie at rest on the red battle field ;
 Yet he breathed your name in his last dying pray'r,
 As the stars twinkled down from the deep sky of blue,
 His dead hand is clasping a long tress of hair ;
 Be true to the soldier, be true, ah, be true.

Be true to the exile in forest or plain,
 Though his home is in ruins, and cold is his hearth,
 And the long rolling foam-crested waves of the main
 Separate him for aye from the home of his birth ;

He thinks of her mountains and clear running streams,
And the ever green shamrock bespangled with dew,
One lov'd face for ever is haunting his dreams ;
Be true to the exile, be true, ah, be true.

Be true to the friend, though no more by your side,
Who shared in your pleasures in past happy years,
And heed not the lessons of fashion and pride,
Though his eyes may be blinded with misery's tears.
Remember one just God is over us all,
And spurn not the old friend to welcome the new,
Lest the false ones you trusted may laugh at your fall,
Be true to your old friend, be true, ah, be true.

Be true to your brother in sunshine and storm,
Though the whisper of envy may sully his fame ;
Be your grasp still as loving, your welcome as warm,
Let him feel that your friendship is more than a name.
For the rough road of life has full many a thorn,
And leal hearts and loving, alas, are too few ;
Be it yours then to shield him from malice and scorn ;
Be true to your brother, be true, ah, be true.

Be true to each, be true to the death,
In the winter of age, in the sunshine of youth ;
Be the word you have pledged, though a whisper, a breath,
Your loadstar to guide to the haven of truth ;
For one true heart is better than jewels or gold,
And rewards which the proud of the earth never knew ;
But await till its throbblings are silent and cold—
Then be true to each other, be true, ah, be true.

“ONE STORY IS GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.”

Oh! the workman is crushed by monopolies vile ;
His master's a despot ; himself is a slave—
The victim of avarice, falsehood, and guile,
The football of power from cradle to grave ;

A manacled serf, with no will of his own,
 To be ground 'neath the wheels of the Juggernaut Gold ;
 "Give us justice," the artizan cries, with a groan ;
 But "One story is good till another is told."

"Ho, ho!" cry the masters, "we've energy, skill ;
 We have chemistry's aid, and a servant in *steam*,
 With patents, inventions, and power, and will,
 To work with the freedom and ease of a dream—
 We may count on them all that they never will fail—
 Or the lightning-flash send to a far distant coast ;
 But, alas! with our men 'tis a different tale,
 For they're sure to desert when there's need of them most."

The master has orders the trade to supply,
 And his word is his bond to be ready in time ;
 He calls in more help, and then forth goes the cry
 Of injustice, oppression, and every crime.
 The bench is deserted ; the furnace is cold ;
 The engine can't work, for its fires are dead—
 Thus "One story is good till another is told,"
 As the men will not work, though their children want
 bread.

The laborer, surely, is worthy his hire,
 And is free to demand a fair price for his toil ;
 The employer is surely as free to inquire
 If the workman is skill'd, or his business would spoil—
 Though the man may be good for to work at his trade,
 He may yet in his heart be a profligate sot ;
 Will you then force the master himself to degrade
 By employing such men ?—you will surely say not.

Shall the drunkard be classed with the honest and true ?
 Shall the skilled and the worthless be paid just the same ?
 Shall the many be injured to pleasure the few,
 Or merit be only a shade and a name ?
 Thus the markets are glutted with foreigners' wares,
 The workman is idle and wages can't rise,
 For while master and workmen are both by the ears,
 The alien steps in and the order supplies.

It will ever be thus till the masters are fain,
 The just laws and rights of their men to respect,
 And the artizans feel 'tis but right to maintain
 Their duties as men, which they often neglect.
 Remember the tale of the cats and the cheese,
 And leave strikes and disputes to the drunkards and drones,
 Have faith in each other—your welfare agrees—
 “They who live in glass houses should never throw stones.”

THE NEW CRUSADE.*

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The monarch on high Heaven's throne
 Has laid the sure foundation stone,
 And sprinkled with His blood the root
 Of that Old Church you persecute;
 And promised to his chosen flock
 To shield that “House upon the Rock,”
 Against which lightning, tempest, hail,
 Or “gates of hell should not prevail.”

You dare not call these empty boasts,
 'Twas founded by the Lord of Hosts;
 Then tell us why you interfere
 With him who sits in Peter's chair?
 And why with gold in red right hand
 You seek to mar what God has plann'd,
 Till fair Italia's sons are led
 To rise against the Church's Head?

You tried it oft, and try it still,
 To bend it to your iron will—
 And what has been for this your gain
 But centuries of woe and pain,
 The faggot and the dying groan,
 The Priest slain on the Altar stone?
He said it, you would surely fail,
 “The gates of hell shall not prevail.”

* Written at the embarkation of the Irish Brigade for Italy.

You offer'd to the starving Celt,
 Whom winter snows did ruthless pelt,
 To shelter from the biting blast,
 And feed the lov'd ones round him cast,
 If he would but renounce the creed
 For which his Sires did nobly bleed ;
But no, he feebly turned aside
 And humbly signed the cross, *and died*.

But now when storms around Her lower,
 From cabin by the ruined tower—
 From storm-toss'd hut by ocean's foam,
 And from the Old Ancestral Home,
 Comes boldly forth each brawny Celt,
 The Harp and Cross upon his belt,
An Irish heart, his coat of mail,
 'Gainst which no armour can prevail.

Bring forward then your force and might,
 And pit the wrong against the right,
 And try to crush with iron heel,
 And cannon's roar and flashing steel ;
But Pat will fill a bloody grave,
Or God's Old Church untarnish'd save,
Although you cloak your deeds of shame,
As efforts made in freedom's name.

Can aught but He who rules the wave,
 And holds as dust the Czar and Slave,
 Disturb the earth on which we tread,
 Or render dry the ocean's bed ?

Then laugh to scorn the feeble power
 Who dares when storms around her lower,
 God's Church with puny arms assail,
 When " gates of hell " could not prevail.

THE DREAM OF STEAM.

The giant STEAM awoke from a dream,
 And he laughed in joyous mirth,
 And his voice rang out with a horrid shout
 That shook the startled earth ;

He danc'd with glee, and "ha, ha," said he,
"My master yet shall rue,
Though he rules the land, with his puny hand,
There is one thing yet to do.

"Though he binds me well, in an iron cell,
With axle, crank, and wheel,
And shuts my mouth, with rivets stout,
And a rein of tempered steel;
And a heavy load, on an iron road,
He makes me drag along,
Till the lazy wind I leave behind
As I shriek in my anger strong.

"From pole to pole, where the billows roll,
His gallant ships I guide,
And fight my way, through the angry sea,
Despite of wind and tide;
I saw, I plane, I pump, I drain,
I stamp, I cut, I blow,
Or stitch away, through the long long day,
For tired I never grow.

"He sends me away from the light of day
To toil in the gloomy mine.
Or out in the field, where the harvest's yield
In the golden sunbeams shine;
I reap, I bind, I thrash, I grind,
There is nought in the wildest dream
That the hand of man, *if he knew the plan*,
May not do with his servant STEAM.

"But I saw in my dream," said the giant, STEAM,
"How 'the brawny sons of toil'—
The sinew and bone of the State and Throne—
All their mighty efforts spoil:
For they still adore, and bow before,
A demon dark and fell,
That fills the land with a pauper band,
And the blackest crimes of hell.

"He prompts the worst of the toil accurst,
 The idle and unskilled,
 Till they raise a cry for wages high,
 And their hearts with hate are fill'd ;
 And they cause a 'strike' and deep dislike
 'Twixt workman and employer,
 Who sets *me* free and makes me be
 The artizans' destroyer.

"And they meet and talk, as they idle walk,
 And bluster, swear, and boast,
 While the honest hand, who firm would stand
 To the last, will suffer most ;
 For the paltry crew, who caused the brew,
 Will first themselves degrade,
 And *as slaves* return (what the *true* would spurn)
 The *Judases* of trade.

"Then blame not *STREAM*," he cried with a scream,
 "He must always serve the strong,
 For between ourselves, ye toiling elves,
 There is *some one* must be wrong ;
 When the Wrong's removed, and the Right is proved,
 You may curb me with a feather,
 When the secret is found, through the world around,
We shall work in peace together."

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID SKEEHAN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE "IRISH BRIGADE," BY THE
 WRITER.

Halt ! his weary march is ended, and his short campaign is
 o'er,
 And the bugle-call will wake him to the battle nevermore.
 Lightly lay the green sod o'er him, where no foe can break
 the rest,
 Let the dear old land that bore him cover o'er his manly
 breast.

Let him sleep, *the Cross above him* pointing to "The Soldier's Grave."
 Be the prayers of those that love him offer'd for the true and brave.
 And the "Faith" *for which he perish'd* dry the tear-drop as it starts.
 Fondly is his Memory cherish'd, deep enshrin'd in Irish hearts.

Daring want and toil and danger, bravely fighting sword in hand,
 Scouted by the wily stranger, stood that gallant Irish band.
 Some have fallen crush'd and gory, lying 'neath a foreign sod,
 Dying for Old Erin's glory, and the creed of Erin's God.

Some from dungeon fetters weary, safely reached their native shore,
 Honor to the name of "Mary"—*vive la* the Tricolor.
 Think of how *She* tried to save you, pointing with a loving glance,
 And the aid they nobly gave you, gallant hearts of sunny France.

And remember that "The battle *is not always* to the strong,"
 Fire and steel and cannon's rattle shall not triumph for the wrong,
 For the *Emblem* ye have worn, and the *Banner* that ye bore
 Shall the Tyrant's flag be torn, and his pride be quench'd in gore.

March! but should the tempest lower round the creed the Saviour taught,
 Swear to break the tyrant's power, think of how your brothers fought;
 By the Honored grave before you—looking up into the skies—
 For the Mothers' love that bore you—Ready! then, and do likewise.

A NATIONAL PETITION

TO HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

Victoria on proud England's throne
Thy sceptre rules from pole to zone,
From Lapland's cold and desert strand
To India's parched and burning sand.
Thy navies float on every wave,
Where Zephyrs blow or tempests rave,
And over mountain, moor and moss,
Thine armies bear Saint George's cross.
Thy merchant ships bring wealth untold
Of fragrant spice and yellow gold,
And many a pure and costly gem
Is sparkling in thy diadem.

But in thy crown one gem appears,
Its lustre dimm'd with blood and tears,
'Tis loosen'd in thy coronet,
And may be lost if not reset ;
That Emerald, proud England's Queen,
Is Erin's dear old land of green,
Its value in thy crown of gold,
In simple words can ne'er be told ;
Then, by the pure maternal love
You hold from Him who reigns above,
Give back the Liberty we prize
And dry the tears in Erin's eyes.

Oh, give us back contented hearts,
Restore the commerce to our marts,
Bring merchandize unto our quays,
And ships into our empty bays ;
Give work to anvil, bench, and loom,
And plenty in each toiler's room,
And empt the jail, and fill the school,
And curb our landlord's tyrant rule ;
Send back our absentees to hold
The land for which their fathers sold
Old Ireland's right—our priceless pearl—
For titles, Lord, and Duke, and Earl..

We ask not back—why ask in vain?—
 The millions by our rulers slain;
 Their bones lie bleaching 'neath the waves,
 Or mouldering in shroudless graves.
 There let them rest, their toils are o'er,
 The landlord can evict no more;
 They shed no more the blinding tear,
 Nor cold nor hunger enter there.
 They wait the justice yet to come,
 When God shall strike their rulers dumb,
 And tyrants shrink, and despot quails,
 At sight of His unerring scales.

Aye, hunger gnaws, and fetters bind,
 But who can chain the willing mind?
 In all our troubles, England's Queen,
 We dearly lov'd this land of green;
 We never blam'd, we blame not thee,*
 Then set our dear old Erin free!
 And break the chain, and spurn the rod,
 And rule us "By the grace of God."
 Oh, make us loyal, true, and staunch,
 And bring the peaceful olive branch,
 And bless our ark, like Noah's dove,
 And win a grateful nation's love.

Oh, let not pride thy bosom steel,
 But listen to our *last appeal*;
 Coercion never made a friend,
 Our souls may *break*, but will not *bend*;
 Though bayonets reach the Patriot's heart,
 Fresh martyrs to the cause will start,
 And years of blood, and millions spent,
 Will never cure their discontent.
 Then, oh, if thou hast pity felt,
 Remember the enduring Celt,
 And he shall pray to Erin's God
 For thee, while shamrocks gem the sod.

* This poem has been objected to, as being too "Golden Irish," but I am as little for Petitions as any one else. Though this country has many and serious grievances to be redressed, *surely no one can say Her Majesty is to blame for them*; and even if she were, it does not belong to the true Irish character to remember it when she is in affliction herself.

And guard thee well in danger's hour,
 Should wars disturb, or tempest lower,
 Right gallantly we'd meet thy foes;
 The shamrock, thistle, and the rose,
 United in one common cause,
 For Ireland, Scotland, England's laws,
 Might dare all powers the earth has known
 To shake thy race on Britain's throne!
 Then be a faithful steward thou,
 Ere time flings shadows on thy brow,
 And God shall bless thee in the hour
 You part from earth, and pomp, and pow'r.

Thy wide domain shall pass away,
 Thine armies turn to senseless clay,
 Thy navies lie beneath the deep,
 With silent guns, and crews asleep;
 Thy jewell'd crown corrode with rust,
 When thou art moulder'd into dust,
 And of thy cities, wealth, and fame,
 The stranger shall forget the name;
 But thy good deeds shall angels write
 In letters of unfading light,
 And, oh! the crown that waits on thee
 Shall shine through all eternity.

THE ORPHAN'S JOURNEY.

PART FIRST.

"Oh! I cannot rest, I cannot rest,"
 Said a fair-hair'd little child,
 "Till I pillow my head on my mother's breast,
 And hear her accents mild;
 They tell me father's 'neath the wave,
 And mother's 'neath the sod,
 Where they laid her in an early grave—
 But her spirit is with God."

Then the child got up from the sunny bank ;
 He had lain there many hours,
 And his golden hair with the dew was dank,
 And tangled with buds and flowers :
 " I will go to seek the mother I love—
 I will find this heaven, I trow ;
 She will take me with her to God above,
 As there's none to love me now."

He wander'd on by a pleasant brook,
 Where the water-lilies grew,
 And the sun shone down on a flowery nook
 From a sky of azure blue,
 Where a bower of roses gleam'd between
 The rocks by Nature riven :
 Said the child, " I've found it now, I ween ;
 This *must* be the way to heaven."

He look'd and saw a maiden fair
 As the sun e'er shone upon,
 And weaving pearls in her glossy hair,
 Knelt her own beloved one :
 " O lady fair ! may a child come in ?
 Is this the distant shore
 Where mother rests from care and sin,
 And sorrow comes no more ?"

The maid sprung up in deep surprise,
 Her face in a crimson glow ;
 The loven frown'd with flashing eyes
 And scarce refrain'd a blow.
 " Go, go, thou gipsy brat !" he cried,
 " And seek thy dam elsewhere ;
 She sleeps, perhaps, by some ditch side :
 We shield no beggars here."

PART SECOND.

" That is not heaven," said the weeping child,
 As he went his weary way
 O'er hill, and dale, and woodland wild,
 On that scorching summer day ;

And he watch'd the birds with longing eye
That sung in the verdant trees,
And murmur'd, with a weary sigh,
"Oh! would I had wings like these."

He came when the sun was in the west
In crimson clouds and gold,
And wearily sank him down to rest
Near a baron's proud stronghold;
He gaz'd on turret, tower, and fosse
In the sun's effulgent light,
And the banner that show'd a blood-red cross
On a field of spotless white.

Then rose once more to journey on,
Though his pulse with fever beat,
And the blood stream'd down in the setting sun
From his wounded hands and feet,
But he reck'd them not, as he gaily cried,
"My troubles now are past,
For that is the cross where the Saviour died,
And this is heaven at last."

He pass'd the gate, but a noble dame
All sternly bade him stand;
While the heir of that proud ancestral name
She held by her jewell'd hand:
"Where art thou going, vagrant wild?"
He gaz'd with his eyes of blue:
"I am going to mother; for that little child
Has found his mother, too."

The vassals came at her stern behest
To thrust the child away,
And he wander'd on with a heaving breast,
At the last faint blush of day:
A storm was gathering o'er the heath,
And night clos'd like a pall,
As the child exclaim'd, with failing breath,
"Can heaven be found at all?"

PART THIRD.

The light has left his deep blue eye ;
 He sinks upon the plain,
 While lightning rent the lurid sky,
 And fiercely fell the rain :
 Ha ! no, he is up, though cold and wet,
 As a light shone bright afar,
 Said the dying child, " I will find it yet
 Beyond that distant star."

The tempest sways him to and fro,
 But he nobly struggles on,
 While fearfully the rude winds blow
 Round that houseless little one.
 He is dash'd at length through a cottage door,
 By the rushing tempest driven,
 As he cried, " Mamma, I can go no more ;
 Oh ! take me now to heaven."

* * * * *

The morning sun shone bright and clear
 When the storm-fiend had pass'd,
 But the little child lay on his bier—
 His journey is o'er at last ;
 His hands are clasp'd on his little breast,
 And smooth is his pale cold brow,
 As an old man murmur'd, " Take thy rest—
 Thou art with thy mother now."

Ha ! blessed God ! thy ways are deep,
 Thou canst the haughty bow :
 Look yonder at the castle keep—
The banner is sable now.
 Its lady, with dishevell'd hair,
 Is check'd in all her pride ;
 She mourns for her proud young heir,
 Who in the night has died.

The maid has risen with the lark,
And hastens to her bower ;
Her lover lies there cold and stark—
His blood has stain'd each flower.
A rival's hand has laid him low
On the dew-bespangled sod—
Who shall the providence seek to know
Of the great Almighty God ?

THE DIAMOND HUNTER.

A MYSTERIOUS FRAGMENT.*

Who comes at deep midnight, unaided, alone,
Where the spring gushes forth from a moss-cover'd stone,
And grasps a red torch with a flickering light,
As he peers all around through the blackness of night ?
His visage is pallid, and white is his hair,
And his form seems bending with sorrow and care ;
But his eyes seem endued with a power to scorch,
As they glare in the light of the flickering torch.

He stoops, with his ear pressing close to the ground,
And listens intently for footfall or sound ;
But no murmur is heard in the gathering gloom—
All is silent and dark as the mouth of a tomb ;
Then he springs to his feet with a maniac cry,
And the gleam of a fiend in his fierce rolling eye,
While strange faces around seem to gibber and mock
As he fixes his torch in a cleft of the rock.

Why clutches he wildly that ponderous stone
With the lichen of ages all stain'd and o'ergrown,
And struggles to wrench it, with might and with main,
From the bed, where unheeded till now it had lain ?

* There are many curious legends in connection with the Diamond Quarry, which is supposed to communicate by subterranean passages with some old castle in the vicinity. This story never being given before will invest the place with a peculiar interest. The view of the River Lee from the castle in question will amply repay the tourist, if he can contrive to come in the absence of its present *hospitable* proprietor.

Vain effort ! his hands are all bleeding and torn,
 And his fast heaving sighs on the night air are borne ;
 Still his muscles are straining, and fierce is his strength,
 As the stone seems to yield to his efforts at length.

Ha ! outward it rolls with a plunge and a splash,
 While the echoes around are repeating the crash,
 And wild forms seem grinning in horrible mirth
 As the digger falls helpless and prone on the earth.
 Does no glittering treasure the torch-light reveal,
 Which that boulder for ages did darkly conceal ?
 There is nought but a hole in the slippery rocks,
 All noisome and dank as the lair of a fox.

Look ! look ! how he crawls to the aperture now,
 With the dew-drops of agony cold on his brow,
 And gazes once more on the earth and the skies
 With the balefire of avarice lighting his eyes ;
 Then away by the light of that flickering brand,
 Which he grasps in his nerveless and shivering hand,
 And a howl like the reptile that lurks in the brake—
 He has pass'd through the hole like a venomous snake.

* * * * *

Why pauses he now when no danger is near ?
 There's a prize to be won, there is nothing to fear ;
 He is marking the course of the murmuring rill,
 As it glides on its course through the heart of the hill.
 Ha ! God ! but his blood seems congealing to stone—
There's a shadow distinct on the ground with his own !
 And his tongue will not shriek, and his lips will not pray,
 For the form of horror that stands in his way.

Yet it moves not ! it speaks not ! but stands in his track,
 And seems to be gazing in agony back,
And though fix'd in the humid and slippery sod,
Its footsteps seem flying the vengeance of God ;
 Its hands are extended in warning or prayer,
 And the blast of a tempest seems lifting its hair ;
But its eyes ! should he live till long centuries roll,
Their expression is grav'd on his shuddering soul.

He has ventur'd too far! Shall he turn and fly,
When the goal is so near, and the treasure is nigh?
He has brav'd all the peril unaided, alone,
To be scar'd from his track by a figure of stone.
No! forward again for the glittering prize;
He is free from the look of those maddening eyes,
And the cave of Aladdin is worthless and dim
To the vision of splendor that's bursting on him.

'Tis the Palace of Fairy Land! sparkling and bright,
With its floor and its columns all gleaming with light—
And its roof!—all the mines of Golcond and Peru
Could not boast of one gem of such exquisite hue.
All his! what wild visions are haunting his brain
Of his pomp and his power, and enemies slain,
And the ruler and monarch should bend to his sway,
And the poor man be driven—with curses—away!

And his name should be great on the land and the sea,
And his might should be felt by the slave and the free;
But he starts, as the red flame is scorching his hand—
He had nearly forgotten his flickering brand.
Away! he will come to his treasure again,
When deep midnight has fallen on mountain and glen;
But his footsteps ring strange on the cavern floor—
He has enter'd a passage he met not before!

He rushes all wildly, and shrieks with dismay,
As grim shadowy spectres seem barring his way
Through those echoing arches of ponderous span,
And long passages hewn by the labor of man;
He totters, exhausted and ready to fall,
To a pillar that stands in a ruinous hall,
With his eyeballs distended, all speechless and dumb—
There's no outlet from this, but the way he has come.

O God! for one glimpse of the pure light of day—
He can never return that horrible way,
For the red flame is burning the flesh of his hand;
May all curses alight on the treacherous brand!

His wild eyes in madness and agony roll—
 Has the fiend come already to harrow his soul?
 What vision is towering ghastly and tall,
 With a raiment all mouldy and black as a pall?

Why stands he all coldly and mute in the dark,
 As if waiting the end of that flickering spark?
 Why holds he before him that terrible scroll?
 'Tis a lie! there's no bond with the fiend for his soul.
 But, hold! some grim secret the lines may contain;
 He may live to see daylight and freedom again;
 He hastens to read, lest the flame should expire,
 That legend that seems to be written in fire:

When the waves recede from the donjon walle,
 And the castle towers to ruine falle;
 When steyme shall burste through rocke and plaine—
 This lande shalle be helde by a pyrate Dane,
 Whose countlesse treasure he wille not pryze,
 But wille selle to a man accountede wyse;
 Whose golde, amassed by teares and cryme,
 Shalle melte like snowe in the symmer tyme;
 When hungry millions for breade shalle calle,
 And falle;
 When starres to quenche the starres shalle try,
 And warres redd fyres illume the sky;
 When a goode man opens plentyes store,
 As thoughtfulle Joseph did of yore;
 When a kynge, whose lyfe was stayned with luste,
 Shalle lye despysed in a cittyes duste;—
 Then a man, though wyse, shall quake withe feare,
 For his tyme on earthe is drawynge neare;
 When the son of a namelesse churle
 To sudden deathe his steede shalle hurle,
 And leave no heire to syp his wyne
 In the castel halles that once were myne;—
 Then a chylde shalle poynt the hidden celle,
 Where a countlesse treasure is berryed welle,
 And the wronge be righte, and the darke be cleare,
 And the lande be helde by its rightfulle heire.

All useless! he turns in anguish around,
 As the torch falls extinguish'd and black to the ground;
 He will grope to the hall he remembers so well,
 As this blackness around seems the threshold of hell.

O Mercy! a dread voice rings close in his ear,
 As he stumbles, all madly, in horror and fear,
 Deep and hoarse as the sea waves that lash the wild shore :
 "Take warning, rash mortal! come hither no more!"

* * * * *

Oh! bright rose the sun on a calm summer day,
 And sweet blossoms are decking each flower and spray,
 And the lark pours its melody glorious and high,
 As he floats on his pinions far up in the sky,
 As a phantom came forth from a cleft in the hill
 Where that moss-cover'd boulder now lies in the rill,
 And mutters aloud, *ever looking behind*,
 As he speeds on his track with the wings of the wind.

What babbles that phantom, so haggard and old,
 Of rubies, and diamonds, and sapphires, and gold,
 And the Hall of the Fairies—a glittering prize—
 And the figure of stone with the maddening eyes,
 And the scroll which in letters of fire appears,
 And the voice of the demon that rings in his ears—
 Who cares, when all nature is joyous and glad,
 That the old Diamond Hunter is stricken and mad?

Years have fled, and in the gloaming
 Of a golden autumn day,
 Little children, blightly roaming,
 Stopp'd beside the rill to play;
 But, hark! a hurried step is falling
 That fills their childish hearts with dread,
 And on each other quickly calling,
 From that lone spot they quickly fled.

Laughing now, and free from danger,
 Looking backward to the rill,
 They see a grim and hoary stranger
 Pass through the hole beneath the hill.
 They told the tale; and others, keeping
 Strict watch till weeks and months were o'er—
 But whether lost, or dead, or sleeping,
The Diamond Hunter came no more.

A DREAM OF THE PALM.

Hark! a multitude rejoices, songs of triumph swell the breeze,
And the hum of childish voices, sweet as song-birds in the
trees,

Rises clear, and wild, and ringing, through yon city's open gate,
As they come their anthem singing, and their little hearts
elate.

See! beneath the mighty towers, rank on rank the people
throng;

Now they strew the path with flowers, now they raise the
gladsome song.

Hush! "Hosannah in excelsis," fills the air so pure and calm,
As they raise on high above them branches of the graceful
palm.

Look! can he who rides so lowly, with a small but chosen
band,

And a visage pure and holy, be a ruler in the land?

Ruler, yes! but, ah! his kingdom lies beyond the deep blue sky,
Where his Father reigns for ever—earthly monarchs come not
nigh.

Grey-hair'd sires come to meet him, as in triumph on he came;
Little children rush to greet him, "Welcome in God's mighty
name!"

Now they raise the song of gladness, now their palms on high
they toss—

God! to think that some among them nail'd thee on the
blood-stain'd cross!

Backward from the city portal! scowling Pharisees, give way!

For the Son of the Immortal comes in triumph on his way;

Elders, clad in gold and purple, all unheeded is your hate,

For Jerusalem rejoices that the Lord is at her gate.

Fast receding through the city, see the cortege disappear,

And your looks are void of pity, and your cheeks are blanch'd
with fear,

And a baleful light is looming, as your glance the Saviour
meets;

Do you feel the time is coming, when his blood shall stain your
streets?

* * * * *

Evening came, and fierce and burning sank the sun behind a cloud,
 And upon a scene of mourning, Night has flung her ebon shroud;
 Silence reigns, intense, appalling; twinkling stars look brightly down,
 Like to diamond sparkles falling from God's bright eternal crown.
 No sweet dew-drops fall from heaven, no soft breeze is stealing past,
 Yet across the parch'd earth driven comes a wild and scorching blast,
 Like a myriad fiends careering, through the darkness and the gloom,
 Blighting all, and disappearing, rushes by the wild simoom.

On the desert sadly lying, with a wild despairing cry,
 Sinks a pilgrim, faint and dying, none to close his glazing eye,
 None to soothe his bitter anguish, none to heed his feeble moan,
 Nought for which his soul doth languish, helpless, hopeless, all alone—
 Not alone! for close above him, with the blush of coming day,
 Soars the vulture of the desert, glaring on his destin'd prey;
 Little recks the weary stranger how the vulture's eyeballs gleam—
 He is free from toil and danger, in a sweet, untroubled dream.

"Up! glad news the day is bringing—help, and hope, and friends are near,"
 Seem the accents ever ringing in the pilgrim's listless ear.
 Up he springs: "Has succor found me?" wild he rais'd beseeching hands—
 "Blessed God! is nought around me still, but burning, arid sands?"
 Ha! he sees the palm-trees waving o'er yon clear, pellucid lake,
 And he totters onward, raving, his fierce burning thirst to slake.
 Strange! the sun with light is bathing yonder city's towers;
 but yet
 All seems from his vision fading—mosque, and dome, and minaret.

Onward, onward, on for hours; now, at last, he nears the brink
Of that bright lake girt with flowers; now he flings him down
to drink.

Ah! that mist, his sight obscuring, veils the lake in deepest
gloom—

'Tis the dread mirage is luring that lone pilgrim to his doom.
No bright water gleams before him, but the earth is scorch'd
and black;

Still the vulture hovers o'er him, keeping ever on his track,
Like the evanescent pleasures which through life we fondly
clasp,

Finding aye the sought for treasures dust and ashes in our grasp.

Faint not now when help is near, thee; see, yon sparkling
fountain waits

With refreshing draught to cheer thee, cooling shade and
luscious dates.

"Water!" shrieks the poor forlorn, "Tempt me not, thou
fiend of hell!"

Listen! on the hot air borne comes the tolling of a bell;
And the gushing tears have started to the pilgrim's wistful eye,
For the vulture has departed, and the friendly step is nigh;
And the Lord, who looks from heaven on the desert and the
main,

To his tears relief has given, when all human help seems vain.

And they bear him to the bowers of the ever spreading palm,
Where the breath of tropic flowers fills the air with soothing
balm,

And the fountain, ever welling through the green and spangled
sod,

Seems a sweet voice that is telling of the providence of God;
And the palms that wave above him fan his scorch'd and burn-
ing brow,

Seem to whisper, those that love him well are watching o'er
him now;

And the cool and sparkling wavelets o'er his throbbing temples
roll,

As the waters of Repentance ripple o'er the sinful soul.

* * * * *

Hoarsely rising on the morning to the gold and purple skies,
Rings a trumpet-note of warning, where yon feather'd palm-
trees rise;

Springing from their peaceful slumber by that clear and
sparkling well,

Comes a host of countless number, bearing palm and scallop
shell—

Bearded pilgrims, grey and hoary, Troubadours with song
and tale,

Gallant knights, renown'd in story, clad in suits of shining mail;
Steeds are neighing, bells are ringing, silken banners o'er them
wave—

March they now, the matin singing, to the conquest or the
grave.

See! across the desert winding, slowly toils that Christian band,
'Neath the sun all fierce and blinding, through the burning
shifting sand:

Pilgrim, haste! there's danger o'er thee—Paynims mark thee
for their prey;

See! the knights are far before thee, speeding on their weary
way,

Late! the foe behind are riding, 'neath their flag of red and
green,

Clouds of blinding dust are hiding flashing eyes and sabres
keen—

One shriek! the infidel is present—a rush as of a mighty flood;
The dogs that flaunt the blood-stain'd crescent are fetlock
deep in Christian blood.

“Allah akbar! illa Allah!” shouting wild, they onward press,
“Honor to the Sheik Abdallah! may his shadow ne'er be less.”
Through the unoffending pilgrims, slaying all, they wildly pour:
“Sons of Islam! shew no mercy to the unbelieving Giaour”—
Back—“*Crusaders to the rescue!*” let the dogs your lances feel;
Back, to take red-handed vengeance, comes that hedge of
burnish'd steel.

Another shout rings out exultant—the vision's fled, the
fight is o'er;

The Holy Cross still floats triumphant, the bloody crescent
sinks in gore.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

A LEGEND OF ——— CASTLE.

Deep closing around the lone path of the stranger,
The dull shades of evening were gathering fast,
And warnings of evil, of sorrow and danger,
Seem'd borne on the wing of the rude autumn blast ;
Yet still by the bank of the foam-speckled river,
And still through the gloom of the fast fading light,
To the dark elm-grove where the sere branches quiver,
Went recklessly spurring a gallant young knight.

On, on, though the storm is murmuring louder ;
The last beam of sunlight has fled from the sky,
The glance of that rider grew sterner and prouder,
And brighter the flash of his dark rolling eye ;
With his lance in the rest, and his battle-cry ringing,
The breeze wildly tossing his long waving plume,
While the mournful echoes his death-dirge are singing,
He is gone through the mist, and the tempest, and gloom.

Through brush and through briar, his war-horse is crashing,
The dead leaves around him are whirled in showers,
While fiercely above him blue lightning is flashing,
Revealing strange glimpses of castle and towers ;
With a rush, as though rider and steed were immortal,
He has reached the portcullis, unsheathing his brand,
While the turret, the roof, and the iron-bound portal
Resound with the clang of his gauntleted hand.

“O'Mahony! O'Mahony! come forth to the battle!”
The knight wildly shouted in anger and scorn ;
But his summons is drown'd in the thunder's loud rattle,
And still is unheeded his blast on the horn :
“Ha! craven, come forth, be you giant or devil ;
Give back the young bride I love truly and well.”
But the echoes are shrieking like demons at revel,
While the tempest is tolling the great castle bell.

His helmet has fallen, his long waving curls
 Are toss'd in the night wind and drench'd in the rain,
 While madly against the grim portal he hurls
 His lance and his war-horse to burst it in vain.
 The good steed is sinking, exhausted and weary ;
 The young knight has hopelessly gaz'd all around
 At the wild waving trees looking dismal and dreary,
 Then reels in his saddle, and falls to the ground.

* * * * *

Softly came the silver splendor
 Of the bonny harvest moon,
 Gazing lovingly and tender
 On the flowers tempest strewn ;
 Pendant gems in many a cluster
 Hung on every branch and spray,
 While the moon shed mellow lustre
 O'er the young knight where he lay.

"Ho! young knight, art dead or sleeping?
 Mount again—the storm is o'er ;
 Faithful watch above thee keeping,
 See, thy war-horse waits once more ;
 Mount—although thy lance be broken,
 Thy good sword shall never fail ;
 Thy plume and scarf with rain are soaken,
 The rust is gathering on thy mail.

"Perchance, thy lady love is pining
 A captive in the giant's thral ;
 Perchance, in magic sleep reclining,
 She dwells in his enchanted hall :
 Thy pathway is beset with danger,
 But valor ne'er can brook delay ;
 The scroll above thy head, young stranger,
 Will guide thee on thy lonely way."

Madly up the knight is springing :
 Ha! his good steed still is near,
 And a warning voice seems ringing
 Still upon his listening ear—

“Up and break thy lady’s fetters,
 If the power of mortal can.”
 Reads he now those dreaded letters;
 Thus the mystic legend ran :

*He who seeks O’Mahony brave, the fearless and the free,
 Will find him in the Giant’s Cave by the sparkling River Lee;
 Who seeks the Chief in friendly guise had better pause and stay,
 Who comes in anger is not wise, he’ll surely rue the day.*

Swiftly to the saddle bounding,
 Like an arrow from a bow;
 Through the moonlit glades resounding
 Speeds his gallant steed Moro;
 Fast the wither’d leaves are falling,
 Night-birds scream around his track;
 Echo seems upon him calling,
 “Rash young knight, come back, come back!”

Back, oh, back! thou gallant stranger!
 Speed not to that fatal bourne:
 They who rush on hidden danger
 Seldom on their path return.
 Wither’d branches gleam and quiver,
 Clouds obscure the moon’s pale light;
 Still beside the flooded river
 Madly spurs that fierce young knight.

Now a distant rock is looming,
 In the weird and fitful light,
 Where the waters, hoarsely booming,
 Sound upon the stilly night;
 Giant Steps, far up ascending
 From the swollen river’s bed,
 Fling long shadows, dark impending,
 Filling all with gloom and dread.

See! at last, the knight is checking
 His speed along the river side,
 And blood-stain’d foam is whitely flecking
 His charger’s panting, glossy hide;

Fitful waves are sadly breaking
 The silence on the dismal shore,
 The rash young knight is vainly seeking
 The magic cave's mysterious door.

Rest, oh, rest! thy heart is weary :
 'Tis not yet O'Mahony's hour ;
 At deep midnight, wild and dreary,
 Magic spells have double power
 Rest and wait the Giant's token.—
 On the ground his form he flung,
 And in soft accents, sad and broken,
 'Twas thus the brave young stranger sung :

“ I think upon the happy time
 Beside the chainless Guadalquiver,
 When summer shed its golden prime
 Upon thine own beloved river,
 And thou and I would sweetly stray,
 Beneath soft shadows ever glancing,
 And chase the rosy hours away
 With mirthful song and joyous dancing :
 Ah! thus I ever dream of thee,
 My own beloved Rosalie.

“ And you became my blushing bride,
 When happy years roll'd softly o'er us,
 And through the clear and sparkling tide,
 My gallant bark so swiftly bore us ;
 Thy father stood upon the strand,
 And bless'd us, though his heart was swelling ;
 I bore thee to my native land,
 A pearl to grace mine ancient dwelling—
 My castle towers in Normandie—
 My love, my bride, my Rosalie. .

“ Ah! but the tempest came full soon ;
 Our gallant bark was lightning-riven,
 The ocean-wave with wrecks was strewn,
 And we before the blast were driven ;

But, anchor'd here, the storm was o'er.

Ah! why did we one moment sever?
I lost thee on this foreign shore—

Aye, lost thee, and I fear for ever;
Far better had the raging sea
Engulph'd us both, sweet Rosalie.

“Thy birds, no longer gaily sing;
The flowers droop around thy bower;
As sable as the raven's wing,
A flag waves o'er thy father's tower;
Thy mother lies within the tomb;
Thine aged sire his lost one's weeping;
The ivied castle's sunk in gloom,
The warder watch no longer keeping—
All feel thy loss as well as me,
My peerless Lady Rosalie.

“They say the giant chieftain keeps——”
Swiftly up the knight has sprung,
And to the saddle quickly leaps—
The magic door is open flung!
The crystal columns brightly gleam,
Ascending to the vaulted roof—
A magic hall, that seems a dream,
Is ringing to his charger's hoof.

Deserted, silent, all alone,
In vain the knight doth loudly call;
A gauntlet on the floor of stone,
A massive shield upon the wall;
No passage grim, or iron door,
Or winding steps to him appear;
Naught but that gauntlet on the floor
And shield upon the wall is here.

What! is his labour all in vain?
No answer to his call return'd;
The knight dismounts in fierce disdain,
And with his foot the gauntlet spurn'd:

Ha! look, the shield with light is cross'd,
 A sable curtain seems unroll'd,
 And on its azure field emboss'd,
 Those words appear in burnish'd gold.

Pause! for he who enters here
 Returns not till the seventy years,
 The Giant cannot leave his cello
 Till time shall break the magic spells,
 But if thy courage will not yield,
 To face O'Mahony, strike his shield,
 He dares thee, with his iron globe,
 For Countrie, Kyngre, or Labyes love.

"He dares!" exclaimed the gallant knight,
 As lifting up the iron glove,
 He gathers all his force and might,
 And pois'd it high his head above;
One crash! that rang for miles without,
 The very river, wild and free,
 Repeats that ringing clang and shout,
"For God and Lady Rosalie."

Ha! look, another magic door,
 Unseen till now, is open'd wide,
 The knight, upon his steed once more,
 Doth through its portal quickly ride;
 The rock has clos'd with fearful sound,
 One echo! and the din is past,
 The moon shines cold on all around,
 The knight has disappeared at last!

And none can tell how he has fared
 Within the giant's magic hall;
 Perhaps the chief, O'Mahony, dared
 To hold him, with his bride, in thrall;
 Naught but that rock beside the strand,
 Where wavelets murmur bold and free,
 Can tell of brave Sir Hildebrande,
 And peerless Lady Rosalie.

TWENTY POUNDS REWARD!

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P., MAYOR
OF CORK.

Your Worship, although I'm not "evil disposed,"
Yet I'll tell you the one who "King George" has deposed,
As my purse is but slightly encumbered with cash,
Like that chap's in the play, it is filled but with trash;
So just write me a cheque for the said Twenty Pound,
And I'll tell you the spot where the lad may be found—
On the top of a steeple that points to the sky,
Be the pipe in my fist! faith your Worship 'twas I.

Don't get into a passion, and call me a baste,
And send to arrest me in hurry and haste.
For there's many things done, and there's many things said,
When your Worship is lying asleep in your bed;
And I'll stick to the truth, if I come to be hung,
That his Majesty had a most vilyanous tongue!
Just listen awhile and I'll tell you the whole,
As an "open confession is good for the soul."

It was just as you say, on the night of the third,
That myself and another jackeen of a bird
Were perch'd on "the Club," free from troubles and cares,
And chatting about our own trifling affairs,
And, as usual, one word only borry'd another,
Till we spoke o' Bob Peel, when sez I to my brother,
"He can talk, but wont fight; he's a coward," sez I,
When my bould "George-a-Horseback" sings out "*'tis a lie!*"

Well, I kept never heeding the crathur a while,
Though, to tell you the truth, he was raising my bile,
When I thought how I got him a new coat of paint,
And put up with abuse that would anger a saint;

And he said but for me, and my letters of old,*
 That "the Council" would paint him, and gild him with gold.
 He was bent for a quarrel, and badly inclin'd,
 And was drunk, or, at least, wasn't right in his mind.

So, I said "me ould haro, give less of your chat,
 Or, believe me, 'tis soon I will make you lave that,
 And I'll station a far better man in your place,
 As you know to our city you're long a disgrace."
 But, me jewel! he flung his ould crutch at me head,
 That's as heavy and cowl'd as a big lump o' lead,
 So I jump'd on his back, and I gave him the spur,
 And, mavrone, down he fell, my Right Worshipful Sir.

So write me the cheque, or else send me the pelf,
 As I've turn'd "King's evidence" now on myself;
 And don't fret about George—erra, who is it cares
 For a humbug that stood there a hundred long years?
 And, whisper, I'll have a good drop on the sly,
 And I'll drink your good health on my perch near the sky,
 And long for your welfare I'll fervently pray,
 On this blessed and holy Saint Patrick's Day.

THE SILVER BELLS.

Up, far up in the abbey tow'r,
 Where the swift rooks wheel and play,
 The abbot climbs, at the vesper hour,
 Those steps so old and grey,
 And his heart is sad, and his eyes are dim,
 And he heaves a bitter sigh,
 For dismal thoughts crowd fast on him
 As he looks to the distant sky;
 But soon each hill and valley swells
 The echo of his Silver Bells.

*There was an old feud between his Majesty, the statue of George II. and myself, as "The Cock o' Sinbarry's." Neither friend nor enemy of his could say he was any ornament; he was the representative of a bad feeling, which, thank God, no longer exists. Put Father Mathew's monument in his place, and all parties will be satisfied.

The peasant knelt in his humble home,
 And mutter'd a silent pray'r ;
 The lordling, 'neath his gilded dome,
 Forgot for a while his care ;
 And to the hearts of old and young,
 Where their magic sound is driven,
 Come words of songs the angels sung,
 And thoughts of hope and heaven ;
 Each grey old sire, in wonder, tells
 Of the abbott's blessed Silver Bells.

The abbot look'd, from his tower high,
 As far as he could see,
 On the gold and crimson evening sky,
 And the flashing river Lee,
 And the steeples of the ancient town,
 And the distant wooded shore,*
 While the tears his aged cheeks rain'd down,
He may never see them more ;
 And no touch of human hand excels
 The music of those Silver Bells.

The sun is set, the light is gone,
 The monks are in the choir,
 Yet still the magic bells rang on—
Will he never pause, or tire ?
 They know not, o'er yon distant hill
 Where the blood-red watch-fires glow,
 The foeman comes, with iron will,
 Their abbey to lay low—
 But hush! one ringing anthem swells,
 And for ever mute are the Silver Bells.

* On a spot of great historical interest adjoining "the Friar's Walk," to the south of the city, was lately erected a castellated tower of considerable height, which, being placed in the centre of a circle of hills, is peculiarly adapted for an observatory by day or night, and may be visited by tourists with great satisfaction, as, perhaps, the only available spot from which the "beautiful city" can be seen at a glance. From its summit they can view the silver Lee, almost from its rock-bound cradle in wild Gougane Barra, to where it is lost in our unrivalled harbour, the summit of Mangerton, in Killarney, and the hoary peaks of the Galtees, that bound "gallant Tipperary," are also visible, with the different lines of railway winding on their course till they are lost in the distant horizon. The tower was built to commemorate some event, which the owner has not yet revealed; but being a place of public resort, the visitor will be sure of a welcome reception from its courteous builder and proprietor, Mr. Michael Callanan.

The morning came, the monks have fled,
A ruin strews the ground,
The good old abbot's lost or dead,
The Bells cannot be found !
And none could ever point the spot
Where they are hidden well ;
The abbot and his name's forgot,
His abbey none can tell,
They live but in the poet's rhymes,
The Silver Bells and the good old times.

THE LONE STAR.

AN EPISODE OF THE UKSULINE CONVENT.

Ah ! see yon maiden with golden hair,
With its ringlets stirr'd by the morning air,
Why flow the tears from her sparkling eyes,
That are blue as the depths of the summer skies ?
Why looks she forth on the glancing stream,
That is kiss'd by the sun's first rosy beam ?
And marks the birds with fleeting wing
That abroad in the sunshine sweetly sing ?
Strange ! that the maiden should sadly weep
When she rises up from her balmy sleep.

What tale of woe can that face disclose,
When her cheek is the hue of the damask rose ;
And her mouth, when dimpled with a smile,
Bespeaks a heart that is void of guile ;
Yet her hand, that stills her throbbing breast,
Reveals a mind that is not at rest,
And the maiden's thoughts seem far away,
Though her eyes look forth on the blushing day,
And a bursting sigh her bosom jars,
Like a wild bird beating its prison bars.

She speaks: "Oh! I will not live in thrall,
While my father sits in his ancient hall,
And my brothers roam the land and sea,
As the chainless tempest wild and free,
And my very dove, with snow-white plume,
Will not live content in this convent gloom,
But will wing its way to the sunny bowers,
With the butterflies, and the scented flowers—
I will burst my bonds, and speed away,
And live as wild and as free as they."

Away, away, ere the matin bell
Shall summon each sister from her cell,
Across the diamond-spangled lawn,
In the rosy blush of the summer dawn,
And a crimson flush is on her brow;
She has pass'd the wall, she knows not how,
And stands where the river, calm and free,
Rolls on like Time to Eternity;
And rock'd by the breath of the morning gale
Swings a tiny boat with a snow-white sail.

Oh, joy! it seems her brother's skiff,
Which sail'd on the lake 'neath the beetling cliff,
Where the water lilies sweetly grow,
In those happy hours long long ago:
She steps on board with a bounding heart,
And the slender moorings quickly part,
As the breeze the fairy sail unfurls,
And tosses wild her golden curls;
But her white veil's flown with the morning wind,
Like the emblem of peace she leaves behind.

Away, away from the peaceful shore,
And the kindly hearts she will meet no more,
To the wide, wide world—that void unknown—
She is speeding fast, unwept, alone—
Ah, no! for from the sky above
Comes flashing down her snow-white dove,

And nestles sweetly down to rest
In the weeping maiden's heaving breast;
And that one lone fast receding star,
Shall guide her boat on the deep afar.

The banner of England proudly floats
On that mighty ship, and her dancing boats,
And the curling smoke of the morning gun
Salutes the newly arisen sun,
And wakes to day, and to life anew,
Her captain bold and her gallant crew,
To wonder who, in that tiny bark,
Has risen with the early lark.
They guess not that a maiden frail
Is hidden by that snow-white sail.

They watch that boat in the morning hour
Speed swiftly past the beacon tow'r,
A tiny speck, unus'd to brave
The broad Atlantic's rolling wave;
The sea-gulls scream a mournful dirge,
As, lost on the far horizon's verge,
It fades from sense and sight away,
In the glorious light of the summer day,
With nought, but that watchful eye above,
To mark that maiden and timid dove.

* * * * *

Darkness has cover'd the earth and sky,
Where the whirling sea-mews hoarsely cry,
And a howling tempest madly raves
O'er the foam-capp'd tops of the wild wild waves;
And hark! the sound of a human wail
Is faintly rising upon the gale,
As that tiny boat is fiercely driven,
Its snow white sail to tatters riven,
On the seething ocean, wide and far,
Away, away from the bright Lone Star.

Oh, horror! one flash lights up the gloom,
As the maiden speeds to a frightful doom,
And the tossing breakers madly roar
Round a wild and desolate lee shore—
Ha! a shriek! "Oh, God! in mercy save
A sinner's life from the ocean wave,
And shield——" One crash and the boat is gone,
The fierce wild surge sweeps madly on,
And the maiden lies, all cold and stark,
On the gloomy shore, so drear and dark.

The winds have lull'd, and the waves are still,
And the sun comes peeping o'er the hill,
And bathes in its soft light rock and dale,
Where that maiden lies so calm and pale—
But see! upon her snow-white breast
The dove still nestles down to rest,
As if to shield that gentle form
With its downy plumes, so soft and warm,
And call the roses to that cheek
With its rustling wings and bright red beak.

Ha! look! the maiden opes her eyes,
And her heart seems chok'd with bursting sighs;
How wistfully she looks around,
As she rises slow from the hard cold ground;
Can the liberty she thought was bliss
Have brought her to a fate like this?
Has she left her happy convent home,
Unfriended through the world to roam?
Is no friendly voice, no kind hand near,
To wipe from her eye that blinding tear?

Ah! no! but still, can she not return
To those loving hearts that sadly mourn?
Away from this land of mist and gloom,
Back, back to her dear old sunny room,
And the holy sound of the vesper bell,
And the orphan children that lov'd her well,

And dedicate her life to Him,
Till her hair is grey, and her eyes are dim,
To Him who died her soul to save,
And rescued her from the deep salt wave.

Oh, yes! she will not longer stay;
Her snow-white dove shall point the way
To the happy home, and the peaceful shore,
Like Noah's peaceful dove of yore.
The bird has mounted to the sky—
But ah!—what means that sudden cry?
A cruel hawk has quickly fled;
The gentle dove falls pierc'd and dead
That hapless maiden down beside,
Its snow-white breast with crimson dyed.

Oh! agony! will her gentle dove,
Fit messenger of hope and love,
Will it speed no more on fleeting wing
Through the deep blue sky, and the early spring,
Or guide that maid, when her footsteps roam,
To her loving friends and her peaceful home?
Will her bursting heart no more rejoice——"
But hark! Oh, God! a human voice—
And a stranger kneels in the sunny glade,
O'er the slaughter'd dove and the weeping maid.

"Ah, gentle lady, weep no more,
There are friends to aid on this gloomy shore,
And gallant spirits, bold and free,
To shield such gentle doves as thee;
Then dry those sparkling eyes, and come,
I will guide thee to thy distant home,
And guard thee in the hour of need
With my trusty sword and gallant steed."
He bears the maid to his charger grey,
And speeds like the wind away, away.

Away, away, by rock and dell,
By the tangled brake and the thorny fell ;
On, on, by a dismal dark ravine,
Where a rushing torrent foams between ;
And the maiden's heart beats wild with fear,
For the sun is set and the dark is near ;
And the knight has whisper'd words of guile,
And his lip is curv'd with a mocking smile,
And his eyes ! in the twilight dim and grey,
Have the deadly glare of a beast of prey.

" Help ! oh help !" with a piercing shriek,
She madly tries from his grasp to break ;
For toppling grim and ghastly down,
A ruin'd castle seems to frown,
That looks a haunt of crime and care,
And the fell abode of gaunt despair,
And Oh ! as looking wildly back,
Far, far away o'er another track,
That star she loves, shines clear and bright,
As a ray of hope in a cheerless night.

" Help !" ah see, there is help at hand,
For springing forth, with a gleaming brand,
A friend has to the rescue flown,
On foot, unaided, all alone :
" Ha ! scorn of knighthood !" loud he cried,
" Ere my trusty blade in thy blood is dy'd
Yield up the maiden free from harm,
And the loathsome touch of a traitor's arm,
Or else you die, by the blessed light,
Thou ruffian chief, and false black knight !"

With a ringing clang their swords have clash'd ;
The maid to the earth is rudely dash'd ;
But short and bloody is the strife,
As they fiercely seek each other's life ;
The ruffian knight is wounded sore,
But the brave young stranger's fights are o'er—

The spot is vacant where he stood,
He is borne away on the foaming flood!
And the maid has fled in wild dismay
Where the bright star sheds its blessed ray.

Ever onward, in frantic haste,
Till lost in a dark and tangled waste,
She sinks at last with failing breath,
Her brow bedew'd with the damps of death,
Her heart is sad, her frame is worn,
Her raiment into shreds is torn,
And her thorn-cut limbs in anguish bleed,
While she listens to that panting steed,
And looks in speechless horror back—
The wounded knight is on her track!

Up and on! and away again
Through the brawling stream and the haunted glen,
Through horrors that no human tongue
In its wildest strain has ever sung.
Her breath in agony is drawn,
But see! thank God! the blessed dawn
Is gilding yonder flowery vale,
Her guiding star is growing pale,
And hush! sweet music steals around,
As the maid falls senseless to the ground.

* * * * *

The solemn bell for noon has rung,
The prayers are said, the mass is sung,
And now the holy anthems peal,
For a sweet young sister "takes the veil;"
Again the solemn strains arise,
She comes! that maiden with deep blue eyes,
And the open brow so calm and fair,
And her dimpled smile as her golden hair
For ever from her head is riven;
For Angela is the bride of heaven.

And the widow and the orphan child
 Have learned to bless that sister mild;
 And the fervent pray'r of the houseless poor
 Has risen for her, from the convent door.
 And many a nun's fair cheek grew pale
 Whene'er she told her thrilling tale;
 And others smil'd, as they would deem
That star but the light of a warning dream—
 Till years roll'd on, and lov'd and blest,
 Sweet sister Angela sank to rest.

LITTLE AGNES MARY.

Through the ever-changing cloudlets
 In the sky above me,
 I can feel a gentle spirit,
There is one to love me,
 And a tiny voice in whispers
 Softer than a fairy
 Seems to murmur "there's a way
 To come to Agnes Mary."*

When the wind with rushing pinion
 Howls along the river,
 And across the moon's dominion
 Lightnings gleam and quiver,
 And upon the land and ocean
 All is dark and dreary,
 Still I feel thy wings in motion,
 Pretty Agnes Mary.

God! who took the tiny flower
 To the bowers of Eden,
 Grant me from thy mighty power,
 When with years o'erladen;
 Oh! in thy mercy grant to me,
 Of sin and sorrow weary,
 The humblest place in sight of Thee,
 With little Agnes Mary.

* The writer's infant daughter

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO —

Be this motto aye before thee, when thy heart would fail,
 Let not doubt or fear come o'er thee, or thy cheek grow pale,
 Perseverance is the winner in the race of life—
 Daring courage is the gainer on the field of strife—
 Who has ever seen the timid reach the distant goal?
 Or good deeds has e'er expected from a coward soul?
 No! 'tis but the brave and truthful, spite of fortune's bars,
 Be they hoar with age, or youthful, ever reach the stars.

Who would crawl through life unneeded, all unknown to fame,
 Gliding by unheard, unheeded, bubbles on the stream;
 Or toiling in the hive of Mammon, hearing not the groans
 Of starving brothers calling on them "give us bread not stones."
 Be not with dishonor crested, live not thus abhor'd,
 Dying old, unlov'd, detested, such is *their* reward.
 Wield the sabre, grasp the helm, heal the soldier's scars,
 Hold the sceptre of a realm, only gain the stars.

There are stars, *but not of heaven*, given to the few
 Who, despite of earthly leaven, greatly dare and do;
 Only most that go to find them, though the goal is nigh,
Leave the other stars behind them, shining in the sky.
 Would you reach at those that burn in the world's light,
 You must light to darkness turn, make the Day a (k)night,
 And unless King Death too surely all the project mars,
 You will grasp the prize securely, night reveals the stars.

Onward then! thy crest can guide thee, one way or the other,
 Shield the lov'd ones close beside thee, help thy toiling brother,
 Thus the clasp'd hands shall remind thee, friendship unto all,
 Thus the wings shall leave behind thee many a snare and fall;
 So when others shall inherit all thine earthly fame,
 They can point to deeds of merit, springing from thy name,
 And exclaim, "though he's reclining 'neath the dewy sod,
 His soul has reach'd the star that's shining o'er the throne of
 God!"

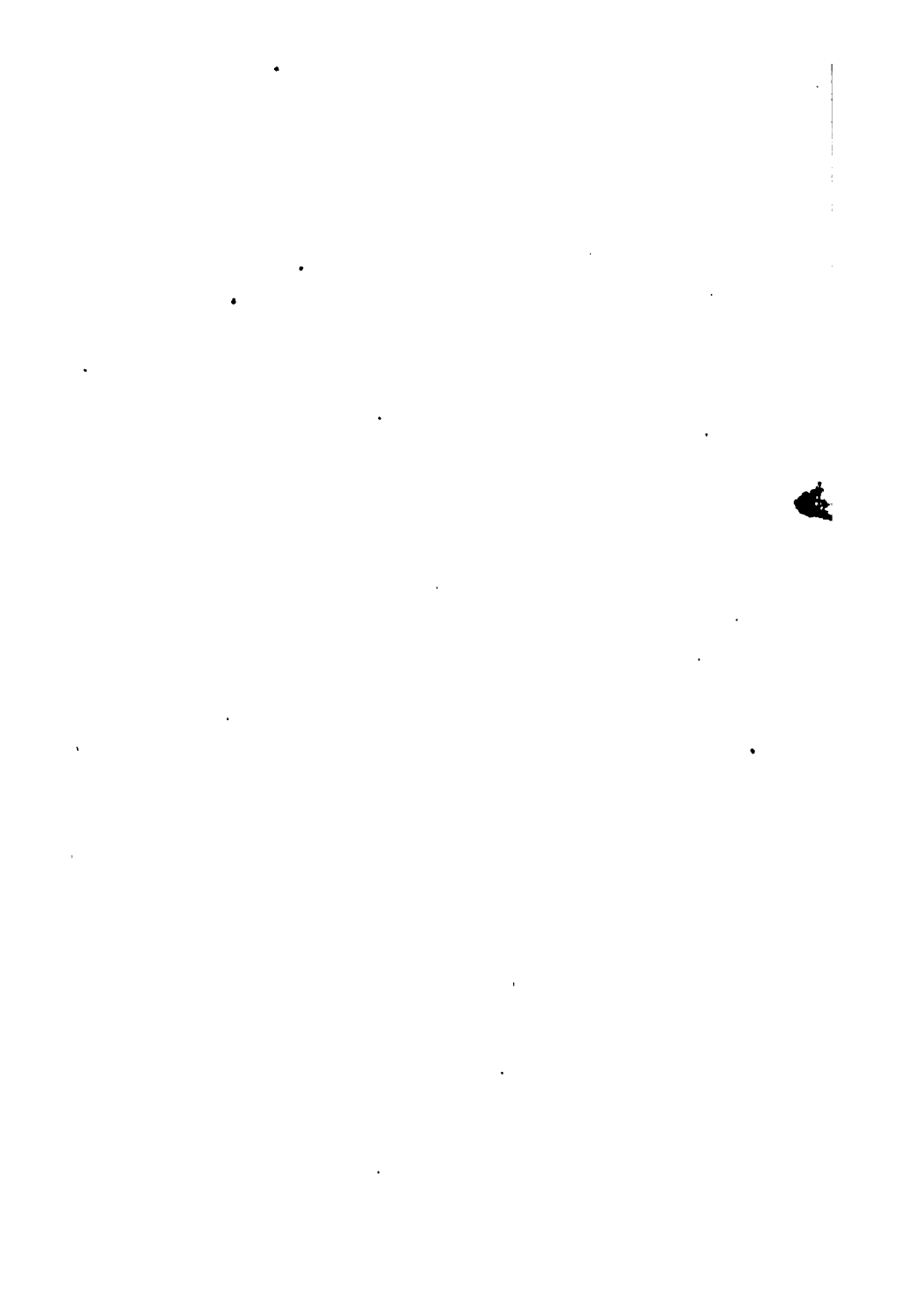
* "Thus we reach the Stars," the motto of a very pretty crest, two clasped hands with star-studded wings attached.

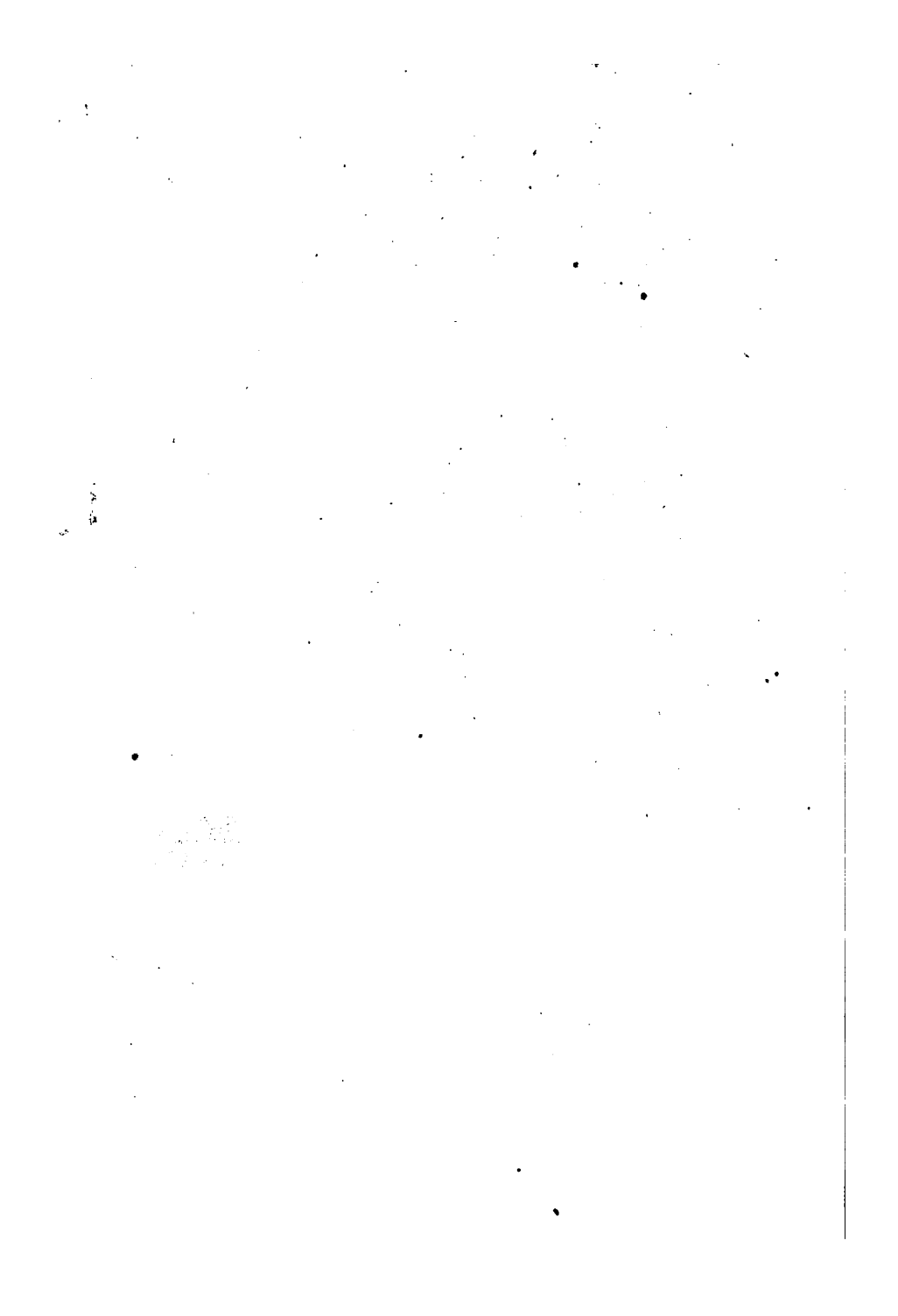
FAREWELL!

Farewell! I have sought to perform a duty,
In singing of home and our own river Lee,
Preserving the legends of valor and beauty,
So dear to the hearts of the brave and the free.
That her daughters so fair, and her sons ever witty,
May long on its banks in prosperity dwell,
As the pride and the boast of "the beautiful City,"
Is my best wish in bidding thee, reader, farewell.

Farewell to the exile across the wild billow,
Who thinks with a sigh of his dear native shore,
Though the flowers of the prairie may sweeten his pillow,
Or bloom o'er his grave ere his journey is o'er;
As he wanders afar should these lines ever meet him,
Reminding of feelings his tongue cannot tell,
In place of kind friends, with good wishes they greet him,
And bid him, dear exile, brave exile, farewell.

Farewell, but remember the song and the story,
That clings round each bank of the emerald sod;
Be it yours then to follow the footsteps of glory,
That hallow the fields where in childhood you've trod:
Be it mine to endeavour to pass to long ages
Those deeds which unsung are unstable as sand,
And my brightest reward for the toil of those pages,
As a brother to rank with the Bards of our land.





Legends, Ballads,
and
Songs of the West.